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Mr. Butler's Blue-nosed Reindeer

In Jean de Brunhoff's saga, it will be recalled, King Babar discovers that Père Noel is producer as well as distributor: deep under mountain snows he is managing director of a departmentalised factory and warehouse from which supplies for the annual reindeer-run are drawn. Cast, barely two months ago, for the part of political Father Christmas, Mr. R. A. Butler can fairly protest that, even if he may be supposed to have enjoyed the advice of the best of Anglo-American Productivity Teams, his factory has not had much time to recover from the interruption to the flow of work caused by re-tooling with fresh Party jigs. Still, what with stock "taken over" and new-model output, the Chancellor has done not too badly. As it sets forth on its rounds next Monday night, drawn by a rattling team of reindeer whose noses are not—like last year's Rudolf's—red, but Tory true-blue, the sleigh will be well laden, if not exactly with the sort of presents that Babar's pampered subjects came to expect.

To begin with, well in front behind the driver, there is a jolly sackful of neatly packaged price-rises—food, coal, gas, fares and freights—and enclosed with each is a lovely price-mechanism toy. The Woolton Miller climbs nimbly up the ladder with his sack of Dearer Flour; "Cost-u-More" milk churns are neatly stacked beside Farmers' Featherbeds on the model railway platforms. In the Starvation Stakes game, you can put your money on Bacon (carrying its extra 10d.) or on Cheese (30 per cent. up), that heavily backed favourite; and the Decontrolled Match-Box With Dwindling Contents is a sure laugh-raiser. Next comes a fine hamper, labelled "Import Cuts," containing a splendid selection of vanishing tricks to be played (under Major Lloyd George's tuition) with tinned ham and the like, and an equally well assorted stock of Mr. Grits's Under the Counter games. The children are, of course, remembered: their parcels—for this year they mustn't look for extra sweets, nor pensioners for extra tea—are marked "Less Money for Schools"; and, lest their rent-paying fathers should feel overlooked, they get their presents too in the shape of higher mortgage interest. Not even the little investor is forgotten: for his stocking, there is a merry-making peepshow of jobbers in the Throgmorton Bowling Alley uproariously knocking "Daltons" down like skittles. And for the Tory voter there is an ingenious variation on Canasta; half the pack consists of Wild Cards, marked "Election Promises," all of which must be thrown on the discard pile, as soon as the cards are dealt.

It would be flattering Mr. Butler too much to ascribe all these jolly presents to his assiduity alone; apart from the products of inherited policies, he has had in the manufacture great assistance from coadjutators known as World Trends. But, at the back of the sleigh, there is a sack with whose strings fellow-passenger Santa Plowden is busily fumbling, and which holds distinctively Tory gifts. In these folds, bulging with promise for the New Year, are Mr. Butler's boluses to cure what the little City Editors have taken playfully to calling the "congestion" of Britain's economy. The flatulence induced by rearmament expenditure must be cured (it seems) by disinflation: there must be a carminative curtailment of banking credit, reinforced by cuts in the social services and civil capital development, until queues at the Labour Exchanges—already long enough where furniture and clothing works are near—lengthen healthily. When the workers forget their sinful pride in full employment, wages can be cut and purchasing power reduced until painful pressure on the supply of consumers' goods which the well-to-do require is relieved.

Mr. Butler can scarcely hope that the passage of his sleigh over the rooftops will gladden his countrymen as these Tory gifts come tumbling down the chimney. Three centuries ago, Father Cyprian of Gamache, a Capuchin monk who came to England in the Household of Henrietta Maria, wrote:

> England is an abundant country . . . the inhabitants lead a luxurious life, far removed from the poverty of other places, for which reason Austerities touch them deeply.

The inhabitants of a less "Merrie" twentieth-century England—their mouths still watering for the red meat dangled before them in October—have learned to tighten their belts more stoically, and in any case Christmas should be a season in which serious grumbling (even in the columns of this journal) is barred. But they would be less (or more) than human if those sober reflections which creep in to the post-Yuletide hangover did not give them a twinge or two of political gripes. Unless they find consolation in the promise that next year's sleigh will be piled with guns and tanks and (guaranteed British) atom bombs, they may pardonably feel about as blue as the noses of the Chancellor's Christmas steeds.

Panmunjon and the Prisoners

The days are slipping away towards the deadline of December 27, and the hopes of an early truce in Korea recede with them. The Communists have again given way on two points of substance, but both concessions have been sharply criticised by the American team as unsatisfactory. The first was an admission by the Communists of the principle of rotation—which they had previously rejected—but the scale conceded for "reliefs" (5,000 men a month) was smaller than that at present enjoyed by the U.N. command, and the proviso that such movements should first be approved by both sides has been attacked by the Americans as giving the Communists a power of veto over any rotation at all. The second concession was the provision of lists of prisoners, a point that the Communists had previously refused to concede without prior agreement on mass exchange of prisoners by both sides.

These lists, however, may now be the cause of more dispute than they settle. The Americans point to the discrepancy between the numbers supplied by the Communists—just over 11,000—and the known total of U.N. missing. It may be true that the Communist lists are incomplete, and that some men are alive and unlisted. But the Americans account for the discrepancy by implying that many of those listed as "missing" were first taken prisoner and then murdered—a theory already advanced in confused and hasty "atrocity" claims in recent weeks. Before cries of "Where are our men?" become too loud, it is well to remember that the normal ratio of actual prisoners to the initial totals of missing men is about one to three. The Communist figures are better than average for the British (918 to 1,700), and about average for the Americans. Most of the British (the Gloucesters) were captured in one clear-cut action.

The Communists are claiming that the American lists of Communist prisoners are virtually worthless, since the names are given in English transliterations of Korean and Chinese characters which are unrecognisable. The North Koreans are also likely to be suspicious of the recent visit of John Foster Dulles to Syngman Rhee and Rhee's subsequent belief that Dulles and his accompanying Senators are willing to let him have the whole of Korea.

Half-open Door

The reopening of private dealings in foreign exchange in the London money market is presumably an attempt to please the Americans by a gesture of "economic liberation" which does not cost too much, and also to provide a straw to show which way the wind is blowing. In relation to "spot" transactions, it can do no more than substitute a slightly fluctuating for a fixed rate of exchange—like the system of wider "gold points" which used to be advocated by some monetary reformers under the gold standard. In relation to "forward" transactions—that is, buying and selling of currencies for delivery at future dates—the effects of the new freedom are rather more difficult to measure. With the Bank of England holding the "spot" rates fixed within fairly narrow limits, it seems that the "forward" rates cannot move much more widely unless a good number of influential people become convinced that a new devaluation of sterling is in imminent prospect. Thus, any movement of the "forward" rates seriously out of line with "spot" movements will in future indicate the firmness of strong external forces acting upon sterling. Such forces, which have hitherto had to operate in overseas money markets—e.g., in Brussels or New York—will in future be able to operate in the last resort directly in London. They will not be able, any more than in the past, to upset sterling unless they are strong enough to make it impracticable for the Bank of England to hold the "spot" rates within the proposed limits. But what they *can* do is to create a panicky feeling about the pound by forcing down the "forward" quotation. A flight from sterling might thus be intensified. No useful purpose seemes to be served by this concession to the City's demand for "freedom."

Mr. Truman and Corruption

The President has at last conceded that corruption in the Federal Administration has reached a point where it requires a special investigating commission. For obvious reasons, Mr. Truman has been hesitant about taking this step, but after the revelations of graft inside the Internal Revenue Bureau—which have been coming from a special House Committee for the last month—he seems to have had little choice. He interrupted his Florida vacation and flew back to Washington to meet his officials and the press, to whom he declared his intention to deal ruthlessly with all "wrongdoers," though he insisted that the purpose of the inquiry was not so much to uncover grafters as to clear the name of the vast majority of Government employees whose integrity has been smeared by the recent scandals.

But the Internal Revenue exposure is only the climax of a series of unpleasant stories. It is bad because tax collectors are supposed to be more honest than other mortals, yet here are high officials suppressing prosecution of tax-dodgers in return for personal favours, considerations and outright bribes. Mr. Truman has already had to get rid of the chairman of the Democratic National Committee because he was using his political standing to secure loans and other Government help for private corporations. There were gifts of mink coats and refrigerators to people in and around the White House—also for services rendered or hoped for. And there is the still only half-told story of the operations of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, a gravy-boat into which many political fingers have been dipped.

The President must know what damage is done to his own and his party's standing by such scandals, which now seem to be running close to the scale of the Teapot Dome era, when President Harding's Administration became a clearing-house for loot from the public purse. Yet, despite Mr. Truman's protestations that firm measures will be taken, and that he was already acting against grafters before the public exposure began, the American public wonders whether it has yet heard half the shocking story. Mr. Truman, after all, has made similar noises before, when lesser fry were involved. Now the finger of suspicion is pointing at members of his own Cabinet.

To meet such suspicion, the President has sought help from Judge Murphy, promoted so rapidly since he successfully prosecuted Alger Hiss. After that he became Police Commissioner in New York City, charged with cleaning up after the exposure of police corruption, and then a Federal Judge. But how much will Judge Murphy accomplish? Will he be able to follow the chain of graft, business, corruption and corporations all the way through, or will he find a few unhappy scapegoats who can be sacrificed to public indignation? For, whatever Mr. Truman may say, it is clear that the cancer of official corruption has taken a firm and a deep hold on American public life.

The Churchill Visit

Our Paris correspondent writes: The French Government appears on the whole fairly pleased with the results of Mr. Churchill's and Mr. Eden's two-day visit to Paris. Not that it produced anything very sensational; the most that can be said is that—to quote *Le Figaro*—Mr. Churchill's blessing for "the principle" of the European Army was "slightly more convincing than that given it by Mr. Morrison a few months ago." There will be British co-operation with this Army "as far as possible." This is understood to mean that there will be some British forces stationed on the Continent; British co-operation can be relied on in matters of training and supply services; and, like the European Army, the British forces will be under the command of General Eisenhower (or his successor). As the Foreign Ministers of the six countries which are to take part in the European Army are to meet in Paris on December 27, and as considerable resistance to the Pleven Plan is coming from numerous sides, it was important for the French Government to obtain some support for the European Army from Britain. This support, however limited, has now been secured.

Although nothing was officially said on the British side about the extent to which Germany should be allowed to rearm under the Pleven Plan, the phrase "such an agreement offers the right method of integrating a democratic Germany in a purely defensive organisation for European security" suggests both acceptance by Britain of limited German rearmament and resistance to more ambitious schemes favoured by the American military. But critics of the European Army, who object that it is likely, in any guise, to lead to large-scale rearmament of Germany, will not be entirely reassured.

Meantime, the U.N. seems somehow to have been relegated to the mere fringe of "world events." Even Mr. Churchill had no time to pay it a visit. Everything inside the fog-wrapped Palais de Chaillot seems to have gone into slow-motion. The Western Powers finally produced a "revised" draft resolution to be the basis of the proposed Disarmament Commission's field of action; but the concessions made to the Soviet standpoint were mostly verbal ones. "The debate continues," as they say, though without much prospect of success, as was shown by Tuesday's discussion. An Egyptian delegate said that the Western proposals were "like a body without a heart to make it work," and the Soviet proposals "a lot of lofty but unworkable ideas."

Rather more excitement was caused by two other events. First, the the U.S., in defiance of the "gentleman's agreement of 1946," worked hard to deny the Slav Bloc fair geographical representation amongst the non-permanent members of the Security Council. After the first round of votes, when Greece (U.S.-sponsored) failed to get the necessary two-thirds majority, it was whispered that the U.S. would know how to get the Latin Americans to toe the line. But it is not so simple, these days: there are growing signs of incipient revolt amongst some of the

members of Washington's "automatic majority" at U.N.

Secondly, there was the Soviet demand that the Mutual Aid Act, passed by Congress on October 10 and granting 100 million dollars towards the organisation of subversive activities in the Soviet Union and amongst her allies, be repealed as contrary to the Charter of U.N. and to the Roosevelt-Litvinov Agreement of 1933. After quoting the Act, Vyshinsky said he was going to produce detailed evidence, before the Political Committee, to show that the Act, calculated to organise fifth column and wrecking activities "behind the Curtain," constituted part of America's war preparations against the Soviet Union. Considering the existence of many American-subsidised emigré organisations who have the avowed intention of "liberating Russia," Vyshinsky should have no difficulty in producing an impressive dossier. Whether this will do him much good, and whether the Assembly will be impressed by the U.S. retort—"What about you and your Communist Parties in the West?"—remains to be seen.

As for Germany, a fact-finding Commission to investigate election possibilities has been voted by a majority; but can it function? The Russians keep saying it is not U.N.'s business, and that "de-militarisation, which is the essence of the Potsdam Agreement, is being totally ignored." In the midst of the deadlock perhaps the most reasonable proposal was that made by Mr. Unden, the Swedish Foreign Minister, who moved that the Assembly should note that conditions made it impossible for the present to undertake the proposed investigation; that it should state the desirability of free elections; request the four Occupying Powers "to endeavour by mutual agreement and in consultation with German representatives to create these conditions"; and declare U.N.'s readiness to offer its aid.

Ismay, Malan and Seretse

A South African correspondent writes: Though roughly shaken by the handling it received in the Trusteeship Committee, the South African Government remains very sure of having its own way in South-West Africa. British support has apparently confirmed Dr. Malan and his colleagues in their belief that the United Nations can and will do no more than make unfriendly noises. Special satisfaction is being expressed in Cape Town over Lord Ismay's treatment of the Bamangwato dispute in Bechuanaland. "The British Government's decision to allow Tshekhedi to return to the Bamangwato Reserve," comments *The Rand Daily Mail*, "while maintaining the five-year ban on Seretse, represents a great victory not only for Tshekhedi but also for the South African—that is, of course, the White South African—point of view." Anyone who thinks that this dispute is now satisfactorily regulated might do well to ponder on these enlightened comments by one of South Africa's biggest newspapers—and a paper, incidentally, which is generally identified with gold-mining interests. "Most people," the paper continues, "are well enough aware that Seretse was ejected because he offended against the segregation policy of White South Africa, and the British Government's decision really means that Britain now aligns herself with White South Africa on the question of segregation." Such an alignment, no doubt, cuts clean across the expressed wishes of the Bamangwato people. "But who are the Bamangwato," concludes *The Rand Daily Mail* ironically, "to have wishes? Let them know their place." So much for the notion that Lord Ismay is introducing a New Deal into Bechuanaland.

Paved With Good Intentions

TIME takes its toll. Seven years ago, when Mr. Churchill and Mr. Eden last went travelling together as Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary, there was no doubt who was the boss. At Yalta the Foreign Secretaries danced attendance on the great men, and Mr. Eden, like Mr. Stettinius, was more noted for his looks than for his influence. Now the position is being quietly reversed. In Paris this week, while Mr. Churchill gave the V signs and took the salute of the Garde Republicaine, it was the Foreign Secretary who led the serious discussions. His task was a delicate one. First, to assure the French that he and the Foreign Office have a firm hold of Mr. Churchill and can prevent him restaging his role as a great Anglo-American war leader when he crosses the Atlantic; and, secondly, to remove the fear lest British policy should in any way be influenced by the various utterances of Mr. Churchill as Leader of the Opposition.

These assurances were urgently necessary. Since 1945, Mr. Churchill has played on two themes. The *Leitmotiv* of his Fulton speech was the special connection of Britain and America as English-speaking peoples. To this he added at Zurich the need to revive a German national army to fight alongside the glorious French army in the cause of freedom and democracy. On French ears both themes jarred and, when woven into a single Churchillian fugue, they produced a uniquely distasteful dissonance. The French are always suspicious that Britain is seeking to achieve an exclusive Anglo-American partnership and to persuade the Americans that Continentals who speak no English belong to a lesser breed. Their suspicion of our perfidy is confirmed when the concept of English-speaking union is combined with the proposal for a revived German army.

It was no doubt in order to soften this discord that Mr. Churchill travelled to Strasbourg in the summer of 1950, and personally launched the project for a European Army under a European political authority. This Strasbourg oration had been preceded a few weeks previously by a debate in the Commons on the Schuman Plan. On this occasion Mr. Churchill divided the House in order to register his protest against the Labour Government's negative attitude to proposals for European economic integration. A few innocents at Strasbourg, therefore, may have imagined that he had now seen the error of his ways and was discarding both the special Anglo-American connection and the German national army in order to become a good European Federalist.

It is doubtful, however, whether anyone concerned with high policy in Paris ever took Mr. Churchill's Strasbourg oration quite as seriously as that. By the summer of last year it was clear enough that, whatever Party were in power, Britain would refuse to accept any proposal which could lead her into a European Federal Union. It was also clear that the Foreign Office favoured the "Little Federation"—that is, a United States of Europe based on Franco-German collaboration, but excluding Britain.

At first sight this concept has its obvious conveniences—for Britain. If national sovereignty has become an anachronism in Continental Europe, then why not let the Continentals create their own United States of Europe? If France fears the revival of German militarism, then let Frenchmen initiate their own Continental plans for economic and military integration of the Western Germans into the European community. In this way German rearmament could be begun, and the American Congressional pressure satisfied, without any sacrifice on the part of Britain. This was the Foreign Office plan, first evolved under Mr. Ernest Bevin, then tentatively put over by Mr. Morrison during his tenure of office, and now inherited by Mr. Anthony Eden.

The trouble about the plan is that it is a too palpable example of sacred egoism. It demands everything of our allies and nothing of ourselves. Even more serious, it evades the desperately dangerous German problem which unites our interests with those of French democracy. So long as the European Army and the Schuman Plan exclude Britain, they give no security whatsoever against the re-emergence of an aggressive German nationalism. On the contrary, they provide a highly convenient framework under which the German nationalists and the Ruhr magnates can take control of Western Europe and mould it to their aggressive ambitions. The only French supporters of the "Little Federation" and the "Little European Army" are those reactionary forces which welcomed Ribbentrop in Paris before the war and collaborated under Petain in Hitler's anti-Communist crusade. No wonder every European Socialist Party is opposed to the idea. No wonder that the Benelux countries are now nearly as suspicious of it as the sturdy Scandinavians.

Mr. Eden is the first Foreign Secretary since 1945 who understands the German problem sufficiently clearly to see the danger of an insular British support for the "Little Federation" and the "Little European Army." He knows the pressure which General Eisenhower is putting on M. Schuman, and he appreciates the validity of the French Foreign Minister's plea that Britain's role is to provide a makeweight in Europe against German power. As a good European, therefore, he will be sorely tempted to meet M. Schuman by contriving some form of British co-operation in the European Army sufficient not only to make the project palatable to the French Assembly and to the Benelux countries, but also to soften the American accusation that Britain is once again sabotaging European unity. Why not, for instance, lock up one British division and part of our tactical Air Force in the European Army, if that will create concord when the Atlantic Powers meet at Lisbon in February?

Before the Foreign Secretary succumbs to this temptation, he should recall the origin of this project. Its sole purpose, both in Mr. Churchill's and General Eisenhower's mind, is to prepare the way politically for the rearmament of Western Germany. It would be a tragedy if Mr. Eden's first action as Foreign Secretary were to provide the good intentions whose use as paving stones was described by Dr. Dalton in his vigorous and refreshing broadcast last Saturday. Dr. Dalton indicated convincingly

why German rearmament is the Road to Hell. If we are concerned with the purely military problems of Western European defence, we now know as a fact that they can be solved without a German contribution. By the end of next year the N.A.T.O. forces in Western Europe will be strong enough to resist any Russian adventures and, if the Red Army were mad enough to move, those forces—so long as there were no German element in them—could make a fighting withdrawal across the German glacis to prepared positions on the Rhine. But, once German divisions are integrated into the European Army, this defensive strategy is denied us. For the Germans will quite legitimately demand, as the price of their participation, the defence of the Oder line and a counter-attack to the Vistula. Hence the integration of German divisions in a European Army, so far from reducing the commitments of the other Atlantic powers, enormously increases them.

This purely strategic argument is reinforced by even more powerful political considerations. Sooner or later, the present arbitrary and intolerable division of Germany must be ended. But the integration of Western Germany into a "Little Federation," strongly backed by the U.S., would exclude any agreed solution of the German problem. Once it is accomplished, the unification of Germany can only take place by act of war. And, whatever we may say or think to-day, the task of a European Army, once it has been built, will be to liberate the Germans of the Eastern Zone and restore Koenigsberg and Breslau to the Reich.

There is still time for Britain to block this fatal road, down which our neighbours in Europe are being slowly driven under insistent American pressure. Instead of facilitating the formation of the European Army, Mr. Eden should go to Washington in order to demand on behalf of every nation in Western Europe, including the Germans, that one more effort should be made to solve the German problem by agreement with the Soviet Union. And if Mr. Acheson replies that no such agreement is possible, Mr. Eden will have a full and sufficient reason for taking Mr. Churchill on yet another conducted tour—this time to Moscow.

London Diary

HUGH DALTON certainly gave the new series of political broadcasts a sensational start with his attack on German rearmament. This is a subject which has deeply divided the Labour leadership for some months, with Mr. Morrison and Mr. Shinwell as the protagonists of "realism" and Mr. Attlee discreetly ambiguous. Dalton's views on Germany have been well known for many years. In the 1930s, along with Ernest Bevin, he incurred a great deal of unpopularity in the Labour movement by advocating rearmament to meet the Nazi peril. Then, as Minister of Economic Warfare in the wartime Coalition, he took charge of subversive activities and became one of the chief advocates of the "tough" line, a position he maintained in the Labour Government long after some of his colleagues were beginning to discover that the Germans were Christians and good democrats after all. But after Ernest Bevin's disastrous visit to New York in September of last year, when the principle of the German contribution to Western defence was conceded to Mr. Acheson without a struggle, the opponents of German rearmament had to pipe down, and the best that Dalton could achieve was the formulation of four limiting conditions for a rearmed Germany, which Mr. Attlee announced in January of last year. When Mr. Morrison took over the Foreign Office, it looked as though these four conditions were being discreetly forgotten, and by the time of the election the Labour Government was pretty well committed to an acceptance of the American view, including a European Army. Luckily, Opposition at least gives a chance for second thoughts. Last Saturday night Hugh Dalton swung the Labour Party back on the line that Ernest Bevin had abandoned in New York. It was a shrewdly timed manoeuvre, which will have its effect on the internal affairs of the Party. Dalton is one of the leaders who are trying to heal the rift between Gaitskellites and Bevanites (he continues to have close friends in both camps) and to work out a fighting policy behind which everyone can unite. His broadcast is a good start along this road.

* * *

The resignation of H. G. Bartholomew from the chairmanship of the *Daily Mirror* group (a combine which now includes as well the *Sunday Pictorial*, a huge Canadian paper mill, a string of West African newspapers, a Melbourne daily and six Australian wireless stations) marks the end of a long journey in journalism. In some ways "Bart" was like Northcliffe, a rough, erratic genius, fashioned out of an extraordinary mixture of shrewdness and naivety, toughness and sentimentality, who fought his way up from the very bottom of Fleet Street and in so doing carried the *Daily Mirror* with him to its present status as the most popular daily newspaper in the world. But whereas Northcliffe ended as a Napoleonic newspaper proprietor, Bart has remained throughout his life, even after he entered the stratosphere of the boardroom, a working journalist, the first Englishman who really understood pictures and strips, and realised that no one reads more than a few hundred words on any subject. Though at the end of his career, he ruled a newspaper kingdom, he did not own it, and I doubt whether he has ever drawn more than his salary and a nominal director's fee. In fact, he was the working architect and not the rich patron of the *Mirror*, and, looking across at St. Paul's from Fetter Lane, he can say as he leaves his desk for the last time: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumpice*". I can't help feeling glad that "Bart" has resigned before old age had seriously impaired his powers and tarnished his reputation. Fortunately, despite all rumours, his retirement does not endanger the independence of the *Mirror* and the "*Pic*." They are owned by some 80,000 investors; and, since none of them has a controlling interest, the policy of their Boards is completely free from financial pressure. This puts a tremendous responsibility on the new chairman of the combine, Cecil King. Like "Bart" before him, he is free to make of this group of newspapers exactly what he will. An exciting but a terrifying prospect even for a nephew of the great Northcliffe.

* * *

I hope the Bishop of Rochester was right in saying, at the funeral of the Chatham cadets last week, that the anguish of that particular tragedy has awakened the conscience of the country to "the social sin of the continued slaughter of innocents on our highways." Only a dormant social conscience could be satisfied, for example, with the magistrates' present treatment of dangerous and careless driving. Studying the press reports of "motor manslaughter" cases, I have often thought that imprisonment seems to be regarded as more suitable for employed drivers than for private motorists. Not that I think prison will ever promote safer driving among either class, but I find it hard to believe that a lorry driver and a professional man, each charged with causing a death on the road in identical circumstances, will always receive identical treatment. Surely the appropriate sanction is disqualification from driving. It should be regarded as an inevitable punishment in itself, rather than as a possible accompaniment to some other punishment. The Road Traffic Bill of 1930, instead of making disqualification automatic upon every conviction for careless and dangerous driving, allowed the magistrates to find "special reasons" for not disqualifying. And for the next sixteen years they found them in about nine cases out of every ten—even in the last five years the High Court has had to give nineteen separate directions to the effect that "special" does not mean "general."

* * *

A really good "turf scandal" is a rare treat. *Silver Blaze* gave Sherlock Holmes one of his finest hours; Nat Gould became a minor British industry. So when Lord Rosebery offered a thousand-pound reward for information which would identify the people who doped one of his horses this season, it was astute of the *Daily Express* (as anxious as the readers of its back page for "the Good Name of the Turf") to offer a further thousand to anyone supplying information leading to "the conviction in court *and* punishment by the racing authorities" of anyone doping anyone else's horses. Wherever there is betting there will be wangling, and where the betting is legal, wangling will be extensive, elaborate and organised. It can be worth much more than a cool thousand to keep people quiet. Since all good crooks read Hans Gross on *Criminal Investigation*, they have long known that you can either "pep up" or retard an animal with appropriate doses of easily bought stimulants and sedatives, headache and stomach powders; they can hardly have been waiting for the discovery of cortisone. The surprising thing, as Lord Rosebery says, is that people who want to make a horse walk when he gets near the winning post should go to all this trouble about drugs, when they can achieve the same effect by giving him a pail of water to drink just before the race. But the only way for the press to make a story out of that would be to call it a portable galvanised H_2O container.

* * *

The pathetic story of the wife who makes a *gaffe* when the boss comes to dinner is a favourite theme of the advertising copy-writers.

Sometimes she lacks a hot drink at night, bath-cubes, toilet water or the right brand of cigarettes. Sometimes she uses the wrong floor-polish or makes a foolish remark from which a book of etiquette would have saved her. Now, if a recent article in *Fortune* is to be believed, such make-believe is being translated into every-day life. Some U.S. corporations, it seems, are interviewing the wives before employing the husbands, and using inquiry agents to check their financial and social standing in their home neighbourhood. Nor is this all. Why not capitalise on the wife's ambitions, and make her the ally of the company? She wants a fur coat, a refrigerator, a television set. Why not send her a letter to say that the firm is giving such desirable things as prizes to its most successful salesmen? The wife, after all, is a better slave-driver than the sales manager. It's been bad enough already for the poor devil whose wife wants to keep up with the Joneses. Now, interviewed and approved, she and the boss become partners. American husbands had better face the fact that the job, to-day, like feudal marriage, really depends upon *jus primæ noctis*.

* * *

At the Players', this year, pantomime has started early and in the right tradition. Harlequin provides the theme for a Victorian "extravaganza," *Riquet with the Tuft*, adapted from "a Grand, Comical, Allegorical, Magical, Musical, Burlesque Burletta" of J. R. Planché. It is delightfully sung, acted and staged; the scene varies between a Victorian album fairyland and a palace that looks as though it has been designed by Pugin. Planché was a prolific fellow. He invented the "vampire" trap-door, was musical director of the Vauxhall Gardens, wrote a history of British costume, and helped to pioneer the reform of theatrical copyright. Nor did his versatility end there. He was also a copious writer of melodrama and of opera libretti; he Englished *William Tell*, *Oberon* and *The Magic Flute*. Beside his artistic activities he was Rouge Croix Pursuivant of Arms at the College of Heralds. A typical, crowded nineteenth-century existence, apparently. Alas! the theatrical historians allow Planché no literary merits and I suspect that Hattie Jacques and her co-author, Joan Sterndale Bennett, introduced most of the wit into this jolly diversion. POLYCRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD

The Evening of Clairvoyance on Tuesday, 4th December, at 7 p.m., has been cancelled owing to unforeseen circumstances.—Notice in *East Kent Times*. (R. E. Ford.)

I cannot support your correspondent who asks for a penny postage rate for Christmas cards. Although not a wealthy man I scorn to use even the three-halfpenny rate, believing that a friend who is worthy of a greeting deserves also the courtesy of having it sent first-class mail.—Letter in *Evening News*. (J. A. Leys.)

The most frequent taunt thrown at the Government benches is that the Conservative election promises have been broken one by one. This is never so effective an argument as politicians seem to imagine. It is too difficult to know what constitutes an election promise.—*The Times* (H. Tanner.)

COLD WAR CHRISTMAS

"Now nation shall to nation speak,
And peace on earth shall reign!"
The B.B.C. and N.B.C.
With minstrelsie
And melody
Broadcast with heavenly harmony
The world-wide peace campaign.

Behind the iron curtain screen
The airborne flow is dammed,
And season's greetings from the West,
In Bucharest
And Budapest,
In Prague and Warsaw are suppressed,
And tuneful carols jammed.

Against the democratic choirs
The voice of Moscow raves—
The song of the *Politbureau*
Lets all men know
By radio
The wicked capitalist foe
Shall never rule the waves.

The cold war peace offensive grows
Between the West and East,
With relayed charge and countercharge
Both sides enlarge
On sabotage,
While both step up the peace barrage
And jamming is increased.

"Peace be on earth" sing East and West,
And then are jammed again,
"Let peace this day on earth abide"
And far and wide
From either side,
"Peace be on earth this Christmastide,
Peace and ill-will to men!"

SAGITTARIUS

Crystal Magic

How a word could become flesh is a thing which greatly puzzled me as a child, and still does. Resuming, however, a random search for what is left of craftsman's England, I have lately been visiting, here in Stourbridge, and at Wealdstone, some of the "houses" in which "gentlemen workers of the chair" still practice the glass-blowers' codes. In so doing, I have learnt at least how light can take on substance. For that quality—the capacity to hold and refract light—is the dominant characteristic of the fine glass, hand-made and cut, produced in England during the past 200 years. Continental makers, Venetian and Bohemian, might achieve greater virtuosity; it was the luminous substance of its "metal" which gave English crystal its magic.

The way in which this came about is a fragment of English industrial history which perhaps bears re-telling. Up to the midde of the 16th century, glassmaking in England had been confined largely to the blowing, in the Weald, of "broad" glass for stained church windows. Somewhere around 1550, certain families from the *noblesse verrière* of Lorraine reached England and began to make "domestic and fancy" glass—a trade term which still survives—in the early German "forest" fashion: the wood-ash used as a flux gave the glass a distinctive soft green tint. They were followed, a generation later, by a Venetian glassmaker, Jacob Verzelini, who came to London *via* Antwerp, and established one or more furnaces for the making of fine ware. After his death in 1606, the growing glass trade in London was directed as a monopoly by Sir Robert Mansell. Under his regime, and later, the Venetian technique imported by Verzelini flourished in baroque exuberance; and this might have continued to be the English glass tradition had it not been for the discovery in the 1660's of so-called "flint," a novelty in the sense that one of its main ingredients was oxide of lead. One Thomas Tilson was granted in 1663 a patent for making this new "lead-crystal glass" and a similar patent for "best flint" was obtained, ten years later, by George Ravenscroft, whom the Worshipful Company of Glass-sellers had engaged to promote the production of English glass.

The effect on technique was ultimately profound. It was not, of course, until considerably later that English glass achieved its classic style. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685 brought many foreign refugee glassmakers, with their native skills, to this country; and more came with the Hanoverians in the early 18th century. But, by 1730 or so, the craft of glass-cutting and wheel-engraving had been developed on a considerable scale; and, with its coming, lead-crystal found its true rôle in glasses and vases, bowls and chandeliers, in which the reflection of light was the craftsman's primary aim. There were, of course, deviations—the porcelain-milk of Bristol, the witch-balls of Nailsea, the twist-stems of the Jacobite period; later on, there were the *millefiori* paper-weights, while Victorian modellers created astonishing fantasies with spun glass. But the dominant tradition remained glass which never tried to look like anything but glass, and relied less on shape than on luminosity for its effects.

The contemporary successors of Mansell and Ravenscroft are few enough in number. (I am not concerned here with the making of scientific glass, nor with the great range of rolled, bottle and other container glass which pours, often in shapes of adequate design, from the automatic machines operated by the mass-production side of the industry). The true "craft" firms can now be numbered on the fingers of two hands. Of the London glassmakers only one has survived. The Whitefriars Glassworks, which was founded in 1680 near the Temple, where the Carmelite Fathers had a monastery, and was acquired by the Powell family in 1834, now maintains the old craft tradition in new works built at Wealdstone near Harrow, in the early 1920's: as a symbol of continuity, a brazier of live fuel travelled from the old furnaces to the new. Outside London the main centre of the craft is at Stourbridge, where itinerant glassmakers from the Continent seem to have settled towards the end of the sixteenth century—attracted probably by the excellence of local clay for crucibles—while others followed, to be near coal supplies, when the use of wood fuel for glassmaking was prohibited by the State in 1615. Round Stourbridge, in 1833, there were no less than fifteen firms making glass of fine quality. To-day their numbers have dwindled to barely half a dozen, of which the best-known names are perhaps those of Stuart and of Webb and Corbett.

The modern glasshouse, in its actual structure, bears little resemblance to that of a century ago. At Stourbridge you can still see a few of the old cones, shaped like potters' kilns, on whose floor glassblowers used to work, with little light (one would say), round a central furnace. To-day the floor where the blowing is done has the atmosphere of a huge, well-lighted and comparatively cool smithy, in which the "chairs" are grouped round three or four furnaces fired by oil or producer gas, with ancillary small furnaces known as "glory-holes" for re-heating the glass during the making. The organisation of the work and the tools—a blowing iron, a punty (*pontil*) rod, shears, a "pat" to smooth flat surfaces,

and a pair of crude U-form "tools" for opening and shaping—would have been familiar to Ravenscroft. And the work, paid for throughout this branch of the industry at piece rates, proceeds with a fine, care-free absence of managerial supervision—or so, at least, it seems.

Management, of course, has an important part to play in the production of the raw material. First there must be a perfect "pot" (the crucible) to hold the ingredients; to ensure that it contains no air-pockets the clay is trodden, as it was in 1600, by bare-footed men holding on to overhead pipes. Such, at least, is the practice in the Whitefriars Works: most other glassmakers buy their pots from a specialist firm. Built up by hand, like huge inverted beehives, the pots have to dry for at least six months before taking their place, after pre-heating, in the furnace, where the temperature ranges from 1,300 to 1,400 degrees C. In the "charge," which takes a day and a half to melt, the purity of the materials is all-important. For lead-crystal the ingredients include 50 per cent. sand, which must be free from iron; the best comes from Fontainebleau, Holland, and Loch Aline in Scotland. Up to one-third is red lead (now more than six times as costly as before the war) and the rest is potash, with a dash of arsenic to aid the "melt," and such oxides—manganese, cobalt, cadmium, etc.—as may be required for colouring. "Cullet" (broken glass) is added to the mixture, like scrap in steel-making, when the whole is fired.

The "chair," so-called because of the long-armed oaken chairs in which the craftsmen sit, using the arms as a rest on which to turn blowing iron or punty rod—still consists of a team of four or five. The "gatherer" withdraws from the pot, at the end of his blowing iron, just the right amount of molten glass. Even in this there is a know-how, and he must be scrupulous to collect his "gather" from a part of the surface in which there is no scum. The gather is handed to the "foot-maker." This is now a term apt to mislead, since this member of the team no longer blows, as he once did, the foot; what he does is to "marver" the gather into rough shape by rolling it on a smooth iron slab, and give it a preliminary blowing. Next the "servitor" blows, shapes and tools the glass further, completing the bottom of a vase, jug or tumbler, and, in the case of wine glasses, shaping and fixing on the stem and foot.

The object is now picked up, if it is a wine glass, by a "gadget-rod" which clips on to the foot, or by a punty rod at whose end is a blob of glass which is placed at the centre of the object and adheres to it. The article is then cracked off the blowing iron and, if it is to be completely finished by hand, is passed to the "workman" or "gaffer," who warms it in the glory-hole, trims it with shears, opens and shapes the mouth and fixes the handle, or any decorative "prunts," trails or what-have-you, that are called for in his design. The team is completed by the "boy," or sometimes two "boys"—not always in fact, juveniles.

The make-up of "chairs," and their names, may differ: there are "wine" chairs and "caster" chairs and "ball" chairs where the first "gather" hangs until cool and is then re-coated. Not merely the titles of the craftsmen but the technical terms are centuries old: "rig-a-ree" round the base of decanters, "mereses" to embellish a stem, are corruptions of 16th century French. And the work on the floor goes on with the unruffled dexterity of craftsmen who might never have heard of mass-production or soul-less machines. From the moment it leaves the furnace, glowing with the colour of molten golden syrup, swung about insouciantly on blowing iron and punty rod, until it leaves the "gaffer's" hands in white perfection, the glass seems happy to take its predestined shape. And in the human touch, the comradeship of the team, against the fierce background of the furnaces, the glass-blower, too, seems to find happiness in his work.

Finally, the shaped product has got to be annealed; otherwise, if it were left to cool at its own sweet will, it would be apt at a later stage to burst disconcertingly into fragments owing to uneven stresses in the glass. For annealing, the ware leaves the glasshouse on a leisurely journey down a "lehr," a graduated tunnel oven through which it cools slowly on a conveyor belt.

The one variation in practice worth mentioning is that wine glasses and tumblers are sometimes blown into a mould and placed straight in the lehr after the cracking-off from the blowing iron. The tops of these "processed" glasses are then cut off by machinery, and the edge first ground and then smoothed by a gas flame—a process more complicated, one would say, than complete making by hand, but carried out by less highly paid labour and at a slightly higher rate of productivity.

There remains the finishing—the work in the cutting room where the crystal is first rough-cut and then smooth-cut on carborundum wheels, leaving the cut surface opaque. The glitter is restored by immersion in an acid bath—a tricky process, for the acid eats quickly and, if given a chance, may blunt the lovely sharp edge. Other decorative processes are intaglio work—also done, practically freehand, with a carborundum wheel—and copper-wheel engraving, now becoming almost a lost art. This is a pity; for engraving yields delicate decoration, and shortage of such craftsmen has meant that glassmakers have had to abandon some pleasing old styles of cut-casing—wine glasses of clear crystal encased in an outer coating of coloured glass which the engraver cut away to leave a transparent design.

Shortage of skilled labour is, in fact, almost as big a headache for this industry as the five-fold rise since the war in the cost of its materials. Although there is no shortage of orders, some firms to-day have become "over-furnaced" in relation to the number of available glassblowers. Shortage of craftsmen is also a handicap for firms who are anxious to make innovations in design. This, indeed, is the industry's real answer to critics who complain that it is unduly traditionalist. At the Whitefriars Works, where bold use is made of colour, there is perhaps more originality of design than among Stourbridge firms; but I doubt if much could be said for over-elaboration—"death by a thousand cuts"—in decorating the white crystal of Stourbridge. After all, fine domestic glassware is functional. If an old, well-tried shape handles agreeably and gives a pleasing appearance to the liquid it contains, why go galloping after modernity? Glass should not be tortured out of its lovely, natural flow; and given the nature of the English metal, it would be absurd to imitiate the *gaillardise* of Venetian glass. Or who to-day, condemned to do his own washing up, would want the tall, fragile stems of the Bohemian hey-day?

What is regrettable from the standpoint of English glassmakers is that Conscription plays havoc with the recruitment and training of young workers, and that the "funnelling" of practically the whole of the cut-glass production into the export market—with 100 per cent. Purchase Tax levied on the tiny trickle allowed to reach the shops in this country—means that the home consumer is in danger of forgetting what the best English production looks like. Is cut-glass to be regarded for ever by the State as a luxury fit only for foreign consumption? Is the British public to be indefinitely conditioned to "pressed" products of soda-lime glass on his table? Are makers to be driven by H.M. Excise into absurdities such as marketing—"smokers, for the use of"—soup-bowls of coloured glass, tax free as such, but liable to P.T. if they have on their rim a single groove on which a cigarette may rest? Maybe we shall have to put up for a long time with these penalties of rearmament. But it is a cockeyed economy, when all is said and done; and I am quite sure that forceful Welshman, Sir Robert Mansell, would have had something to say about it.

AYLMER VALLANCE

Stourbridge, December.

Do I Hear English Voices?

YES, I admit I am English. I got to New York under false pretences because the Bank of England allowed me 200 dollars for ten days because I said I could sell English books to American publishers. When I was in New York two days, I realised that American publishers did not wish to buy English books, so I relaxed. I went around, instead, to see my darling friend Miss Hermione Gingold, an English actress, who lives in an apartment in the East Fifties. Miss Gingold is typically English, too, which is to say that mingled Austrian and Turkish blood whizzes through her veins.

The brownstone house where the taxi driver set me down looked very sinister after dark. Many noises came from it, but chief among them was the grave sound of a 'cello being played on the upper floor. There were no lights to be seen as I climbed the stairs, except in slit form under various doors. Eventually I knocked on one of these. A lady opened it. She had a 'cello in one hand, a bow in the other: wisps of hair hung round her face in colpoons. Behind her I could see her room, where all the chairs were turned round to face one way. Ah, how sad. She was, in her imagination, giving a concert. She said Miss Gingold lived on the main floor.

As I went downstairs, the 'cello began to play again. This time I found Miss Gingold and we embraced in the dear old English way and performed our little ritual dance (typical of the untrammelled emotions of our motherland) and then we went out to see the clockwork advertisements of Broadway. We were accompanied by a young American gentleman, who was embarrassed by our wide-mouthed enthusiasm. Every now and then Miss Gingold would say: "I adore it, don't you? It transcends vulgarity. It is very, very beautiful." And the young gentleman would say: "What do you mean, vulgar?" The advertisement we like best of all was of a lady and gentleman thirty feet high in togas on either side of a waterfall with actual water. We asked many people what they were advertising, but no one seemed to know. There was also a Horror Cinema that said "Open All Night. Scenes of Debauchery and Vice!" "Ah," said Miss Gingold, "That's for us." So in we went. The film was about The Last Days of Hitler in Berlin, Most Vicious City in the World, and every now and then Miss Gingold would move restlessly in her seat and ask when was the vice going to begin. Sometimes she asked for her money back. The American was upset by this. "What do you mean, no vice?" he kept saying, and eventually "What sort of vice do you want?" Miss Gingold thought a bit about this.

"Any sort," she said finally, "except vanilla."

The next day was Sunday and we English ladies and gentlemen were all asked to a party by a gentleman Television Packager (whatever this may mean). There were about five of us by now, and we made rather a large group, calling for a cab in our high-pitched English way. As we drove off, one of us, a noble lord, said: "Oo, look at all that smoke, or is it steam, coming out of the manholes in the road . . . doesn't it look funny? What is it?" And Miss Gingold said it was the Red Indians who smoked down there, in their reservation. This pleased the taxi driver so much that he refused payment. Which was a very good thing. For we English are very poor indeed, and a taxi fare saved to-night can mean that we have lunch to-morrow.

When we came to this Television Packager's apartment, Modiglianis, Picassos, Matisses bloomed on the wall like camellias. The noble lord said to me: "My dear, I came for a week and I have been here six, and all I have in the way of money is this traveller's cheque for £20 and no one will cash it until Monday, so you must get off with some rich American gentleman who will take us both out to dinner. I am *starving* . . ." and then the party burst round us. We were left, somewhat anxiously gazing at the ladies and gentlemen. The ladies sat in an angry little line against the wall, telling one another how charming their dresses looked. The gentlemen made more of a little group around a table where there were some bottles. A man came up wearing a soft suede zipping golf jacket and said he was the Television Packager and what a lousy host he must be not to have introduced us around, but that the reinforcements of Scotch were just coming up. The noble lord said it reminded him of the pipers relieving the siege of Lucknow and the host went away. A little grey man like an elderly gnome appeared from nowhere, hopped up on a chair and said: "Pardon me, do I hear English voices?" The noble lord and I looked at one another like guilty things. "I am in publishing," said the little grey man.

"Fancy," said the noble lord, "for so is this lady," and he kicked me heavily on the anklebone. "Here we are," he said to me, in a heavy whisper, "this is him."

"How do you do?" I said, in my quaint English way, rubbing my anklebone.

"For many, many years I have been of the opinion," began the little grey man, "that in this vast country of ours there has been a crying hunger for great and good literature. From Iowa to Salt Lake City there lies a mighty unexplored territory of mind potential (indeed I might almost call it virgin territory) crying out for William Faulkner, Eudora Welty, the poetry of T. S. Eliot, the essays of Lionel Trilling, the works of your own W. H. Auden and your V. S. Pritchett. . . ."

"*My* V. S. Pritchett?" said the noble lord, surprised, while Miss Gingold somewhere (like the wind in an empty champagne bottle) was heard saying "Name-dropper."

"What you said about all those people crying was very interesting," I said, quickly, as the little grey man said, "What's that?"

"Very interesting indeed," said the noble lord.

"I am also of the opinion," went on the little grey man, somewhat soothed, "that in Manchester, England, such a hunger, equally, exists. I intend to buy space in your *Manchester Guardian*. And your *New Statesman*. Your rates are so ridiculously low." And here the little grey man laughed heartily, while the noble lord bristled. "It would be foolish not to take advantage of you."

"*My New Statesman* . . ." began the noble lord, rather indignantly. He suddenly changed his tone. "Look," he said, "I am very hungry. I am adoring our conversation, I just love reading, but might we continue it somewhere else? Over a meal? I think I have drunk *as much as I dare*. . . ."

"Oh," said the little grey man. "Well, I will ring up home. But I fear I haven't food enough for three. . . ."

"You do that little thing," said the noble lord. "What you are saying about the advertising rates of the *New Statesman* is fascinating. . . ."

The little grey man went away to telephone, and while he was gone a lady came up to us with drinks. She told us we were English and we agreed that this was so.

"Is it true," she said, "that when the host came up and said that the reinforcements of Scotch were just coming it reminded you of something in the war? Dunkirk, or something?" She had a tartan dress on, which may have explained it.

"Why no," said the noble lord. "Not Dunkirk. Ladysmith. I mean, Lucknow. Not this war, not even the Boer War, but the war before. The Indian Mutiny, actually. . . ."

"My God," cried the lady, reeling back with a shriek. "They can laugh at themselves." She had the sort of look on her face that nice people have at zoos. So had the little grey man when he came back from the telephone, but he didn't think we were funny.

"My maid," he said firmly, "has only food for one." He looked at the noble lord, who was sitting on the floor.

"Oh good," said the lord. "I should love to continue our lovely cultural conversation in a restaurant." And he smiled with Grade A aristocratic British charm. The little grey man didn't care for it.

"You find me," he said, "in temporary embarrassment. I have no money. . . . I didn't expect . . . charming people . . . banks closed."

"Borrow it from your host," said the noble lord, smoothly. He waved his hand like a Roman Emperor and the little man went away, very surprised. He was a dear little man and I was getting upset at him trying to sell William Faulkner in Manchester, England, and also at the noble lord's behaviour. "Nonsense," said the noble lord, when I remonstrated with him, "it looks as though you were going to be made a business proposition, my dear. Soon we shall see you hiking from door to door in Manchester, England, carrying a little suitcase full of books. That will be nice. Ah, here he comes," and he greeted the little grey man with great warmth. "*How much did you get?*" he said, in the sort of voice that the late Mrs. Patrick Campbell used when she wanted to get her own way.

"Five dollars," said the little grey man.

"Then you can go straight back and try again," said the noble lord.

The awful thing was that the little grey man didn't. He smiled and took us, in his enormous car, to a restaurant on 6th Avenue where the noble lord ate like a starving man. He polished off chop suey, sweet sour sauce, pork, crispy noodles, pints of Chinese tea and soup. As we went in we heard Miss Gingold, who was dining with some quite other people, accosted by a lady with a collecting tin who cried "Leprosy . . . Leprosy!" "Go away," said Miss Gingold, sternly, "I've had it."

The little grey man sadly contemplated the noble lord among the wreckage of six Chinese dishes that had once been full to overflowing. He seemed disinclined to talk of literature, except in the abstract.

"You English," he said to the noble lord, "are so tasteless."

"Yes, aren't we?" said the noble lord, with a happy hiccup. "But why do you say that?"

"I was basing my observations on a visit to London, England, in the year when Sir Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* was showing in your Leicester Square, when at an adjacent cinema an Esther Williams swimming picture was on show. Many English people (I hesitate to say *all* English people) seemed to prefer the Esther Williams movie. The queues were so much longer."

"Fancy," said the noble lord.

"Do you get annoyed," said the little grey man, "when I criticise your country?"

"Why no," said the noble lord, yawning, "why should I?"

"That shows in itself very remarkable philosophical detachment and training. . . . In what University did you study? For example . . . the basis of critical thought, rather than critical emotion, as shown. . . ."

The noble lord rolled his eyes. They seemed about to float away like small balloons.

"My God," he said. "I really *am* so sorry . . . stayed so long . . . this is really dreadful . . . date at a quarter of midnight, as you say, don't you? Oh, my word." And he hurried out of the restaurant.

"I bet I made him sore just the same," said the little grey man, as he watched him go. "Now then. About this publishing venture that we were discussing. I wonder would you care to call around at the office to discuss the English End?"

"You would need a lot of British capital to organise distribution on a thing like that," I said.

"Yes," said the little grey man. There was a short pause. He waved for the waiter.

"And now shall we split this bill?" he said.

NANCY SPAIN

Horn of Plenty

ONE year, a few days before Christmas, I called on a lady in an old, dignified, Life-with-Father house in Brooklyn Heights. She had a large family and was decorating the living-room in what I once heard a British trade union leader, with passionate emphasis, call "no unmistakable manner." She was telling her husband—quoting, I think, some manual of Christmas procedure—"I'll have a cornucopia on this table." He grunted: "Last year we had a horn of plenty." But the lady was firm. "The trouble with a horn of plenty is that you have to put things in it."

I imagine that every home which takes this journal has its cornucopia. But in case any reader has mistakenly installed a horn of plenty, a few hints on filling it may be useful. It is no good going to the shops for this sort of thing.

•

A neat, small, underweening man stands in the doorway of a great store, his back cold against the tall window. His pinched face has an expression of everyday saintliness, like that of Father Zossima. He holds his hands in front of his body, and small black mice, an inch long, crawl busily across them. They cost sixpence; it seems wonderful, these days, to find a clockwork toy at that price. I ask if he makes them himself. With a humble yet mysteriously self-sufficient smile, he says that he does, working at night; by selling for eight hours a day he "rubs along." When I want to know how the mice work, he is politely obstinate: "You'll have to read the instructions." When I get home I find, inside the tissue paper, my mouse and a slip of ruled paper, bearing a message of purple letters from a rubber stamp, indiscriminately capital and lower-case, like an anonymous letter in a Sherlock Holmes story. It reads: "Fix cotton To coat button and Move hands from Body." I am not good at this sort of thing. I fix the black cotton,

which I hadn't noticed before, so that it joins the mouse's nose to my button; I move my hands well away from the mouse's body; I remove the creature's "hands" from my own body; nothing happens. My wife takes over; by weaving her hands continually away from her body (of course!) she makes the stationary mouse appear to run over them. But she will never be able to do it so faultlessly that the mouse seems to be clockwork.

*

A crowd gathers round a stall in Petticoat Lane. It is selling coloured nylons; or rather it is not selling them; the whole stock has been ordered, and a Christmasward crescendo of frustration is set in motion. One pair of stockings is a delicate red, like the sun viewed through a winter fog; another is silver-grey; a third is green, giving the adored one's legs, I should guess, the spectral hue of the ghost-wife in the film of *Blithe Spirit*. The vendor—or non-vendor—speaks in a low, secret tone, magically audible above the clamour of the market. Yes, they are British; no, you wouldn't find them in the shops; yes, he may be getting a few more in later. The ordinary nylons, he agrees, are just the same quality; they cost seventeen and eleven, the coloured ones are twenty-five bob. So people are willing to pay seven and a penny for a bit of dye? Dropping his voice further to an impressive, penetrating whisper, he asks: "Wouldn't you?"

*

The man with the fur coat carries this paradoxical salesmanship to its ultimate; he says nothing. The prices are marked on the coats. A shopper, used to trust the spoken more than the written word, asks: "Nine pound five this one—that right?" The stallholder—a rather small man who, with a profusion of mufflers, scarves, and woolly garments, achieves an effect of size—turns slowly, as if interrupted in some difficult calculation; breathes deep into the frosty air; looks his questioner up and down; and replies in a patient but injured tone: "That's what it says, isn't it?" It really is—a full-length coney coat for nine pounds five. Further question would clearly be an insult. The shopper either slinks away ashamed or else, hastening before the offer is somehow withdrawn, he buys.

*

A wireless set of flashy design and great power stands on a barrow. But it is not the set which is for sale; it is the stabulator. The salesman, this time talking volubly, fits the stabulator; we hear a tantalising phrase of song, or half a spoken sentence; then he whips it away and the set falls uselessly silent, yielding to the gramophone five yards away. The stabulator is a portable aerial and suppressor, hardly bigger than a box of matches. It gives, a leaflet tells us, greater sensitivity—less interference—purer tone—and it makes any set a portable. There is (in big letters) a £100 Guarantee; that is, if the device proves unsatisfactory and if the seller fails to refund your three-and-six, he will pay £100 to any charity; an unlikely combination of circumstances, we are made to feel. "If a better aerial could be made," the leaflet adds wistfully, "we would make it." Someone asks why everyone who has a wireless hasn't bought a stabulator. The salesman shrugs, as one who confesses that his faith in human reason has been wounded by experience. "'Cause some people are mugs, that's why."

*

Almost blocking a side-street by their success, two men are selling electric bow-ties. The tie, red or grey to taste, clips on in the usual place; switch and battery are hidden under the waistcoast "or," adds the chief salesman generously, "what have you." When you meet your girl 'or on any other occasion"—Christmas? the impact of a power cut? the first blackout if war comes?—you cheer your private world with two pinpoints of light. The device cost half a crown, and people who buy two get an extra battery. This is big business. The two men say that they own a factory, the mark of distinction in street trading, and sell two gross of ties every day.

When you meet your girl . . . £100 guarantee . . . wouldn't you? . . . move hands from body . . . It is a world of plenty in which we live.

MERVYN JONES

BARNEYS may lead you to the true, deep, lasting friendship of the pipe,—one of life's simplest, yet greatest joys.

Gillingham, Kent.

"I feel I must write you a few lines in appreciation of Barneys Tobacco. I have been trying to smoke a pipe for years, but after a few days have had to give in. Then I had the good fortune to strike Barneys. It is splendid, and the flavour is much better. I have already recommended it to two of my friends — both pipe smokers of long standing — who are as enthusiastic about it as I am."

The original letter can be inspected at, and further enquiries addressed to Barneys Sales Bureau, 29, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-Bond and British Duty Free in 2-lb. parcels, to many lands, but not as yet to all.

Punchbowle (mild), Barneys (medium) and Parsons Pleasure (mild)
Home Price 4/6d. oz.

345) John Sinclair Ltd., Manufrs., Newcastle-upon-Tyne. B

Ghost Story

My friend Albert Shingle was once invited to spend Christmas at the Earl of Grimber's house, and being as much of a snob as the next man he was very pleased. He arrived to find a miscellaneous collection of people: there were the relations of the earl and countess, a number of rather drab relicts of generals and admirals and colonial governors, for the earl was a charitable man; a novelist, for the countess was cultured; a painter . . . . Grimber himself was an easy, pleasant man. The countess was rather old fashioned and liked everything to be correct and well mannered about her, and she imposed her standards on even the job lot of guests the earl had collected.

She had a lot of help in this from the chaplain of the house, Father Ralph. (The Grimbers are Old Catholics.) It was Father Ralph who showed Albert to his room in the Tudor wing, a great, dark-beamed, smoke-cured place with a huge four-poster bed and several tall presses. There was a big fire of cedar logs in the vast stone fireplace.

The priest did not hesitate to tell Albert that his room had a bad name. It was not supposed to be haunted, or anything of that sort, but not everyone liked to sleep in it. The story was rather curious. In the seventeenth century a countess of Grimber gave birth to triplets and died of it. In the hurry and bustle, first of trying to save her life, and then of trying to administer the last rites, the three babies got mixed up and nobody knew which was the eldest. The Grimbers have a great sense of family, and the then earl was a pedant in matters of primogeniture. In any case there was an entail. However, there was nothing he could do about this, and he was forced to accept the suggestion of the midwife, that they select the largest baby and call him the heir. This was unfortunate, in the event, as the boy turned out badly. The other two children were kept confined to two rooms and guarded, because at least a dozen people knew the truth, and, with the entail as an instrument for legal skullduggery, the infants might easily become the focus of an intrigue to get the immensely valuable estate into other hands.

The earl died when his sons were sixteen, they say of a broken heart because his heir was such a savage. This youth was, in fact, brutal, lecherous and drunken before he was out of his teens, and incapable of the least book learning. As soon as he was in control of the estate, he shut up his brothers in one room—it was the room Albert was given—and there neglected them. Like all bullies, the young nobleman surrounded himself with toadies and cronies, ruffians and loose women, and the old servants began to lose influence and even to leave him. The two brothers were forgotten for days on end, and they sank into a disgusting state—half starved, crazed, sullen, ragged, sick and horribly verminous. Their room became a noisome den. When James II fled the country, the earl and his people followed the King and, incredible though it may seem, left the two brothers locked in their room, where they died of starvation. It seems that when the room was opened, rustic servants and hardened soldiers turned sick at what they found there.

I thought it rather questionable taste on Father Ralph's part to tell this story to a guest who was being given the room, but the priest combined with a terrible honesty a hatred of anything like superstition which drove him to tell the tale in order to scoff at the notion that there was anything evil or in any way unusual about the room. The account of his room did make an impression on Albert, but it did not upset him, and he found his quarters pleasant enough. He says that perhaps an imaginative or nervous man might have been made jumpy by the dark shadows of its remote corners and the way the great fire cast constantly shifting shades on walls and ceiling.

When, after changing for dinner on this Christmas Eve, Albert went down to the big hall, he found his host and hostess the centre of a crowd of their guests gathered round the huge fireplace. They were passing round an insignificant looking book and everyone was handling it and exclaiming over it. The earl passed it to Albert. It was a particularly valuable edition of *A Christmas Carol*, privately printed and with an autograph letter from Dickens to a friend, on the flyleaf. Grimber announced that the book was to be awarded to the teller of the best five-minute ghost story, the telling to take place on Christmas night. The novelist was to be the judge.

At dinner, Albert found himself next to a rather dim little woman who turned out to be quite a famous literary critic, and a bibliophil. She could talk of nothing but the earl's extraordinary munificence and named, off-hand, half-a-dozen North and South American collectors

who would give a thousand guineas for the book and no questions asked. Albert had not for a moment intended to compete, for he has no imagination and a shocking memory, but this statement upset him terribly. As he told me, he was badly in want of a little extra capital. But he knew he would never be able to think of a story and his holiday was quite spoilt for him. He kept nagging at himself; it seemed to him that if he lost this thousand pounds it would be his own fault, and he became very cross at the idea and could hardly enjoy the food or the wine or the conversation. Altogether, he wished his officious neighbour had told him nothing about the value of the tiresome book.

Albert drank a good deal of Mersault and claret and port, and a very large nightcap of whisky in an effort to regain his equanimity. As a result, he went to bed in a rather excited condition. The fire in his room had been allowed to sink to a glowing heap of ashes, and the room was warm and dark and mysterious. Even phlegmatic Albert was affected by its atmosphere and he threw a couple of logs on the ashes to brighten the room, for the electric light was home made and rather dim. He undressed luxuriously, by the fire, climbed up into the huge bed, and fell asleep instantly.

Albert says that about an hour after falling asleep he woke up again, and that what woke him was a very bad smell. For a moment he could not recall where he was, and when he did it was not very helpful because, as he says, with some confusion, he "wasn't there at all" but, as he thought, "somewhere else." The big bed and the presses had vanished, the room was lit by the fire and a very smoky oil-lamp, and it was some moments before he saw that it *was* the same room, but transformed. As for himself, he says he was "present in his senses," whatever that may mean. He tries to explain by saying that, if a third party had come in, it would have seemed that he, Albert, was the illusion, the ghost, while the room and its occupants, as these now appeared, were reality. The room was bare, with a floor of dirty wooden boards and rotten straw, like a neglected fowl run. There were two rough truckle beds, but no other furniture, piles of unspeakable refuse all over the place, a vile, lairey stench. Huddled in a corner were two miserable heaps of squalid rags with a sketchy resemblance to human beings.

Albert says he was not afraid but full of pity. He at once remembered Father Ralph's story and he realised that the room was haunted by its former unhappy tenants. He approached them. The two young men looked very old, with patchy, unwholesome-looking beards and long, greasy hair matted and grey with dirt. They sat huddled in their rags, their eyes cast down and shifty, grunting from time to time and uttering peevish little squeals as they scratched and picked at the vermin which infested them. They were clearly in the last stage of physical and mental degeneracy, for all the world like a pair of senile, malodorous apes in a shabby zoo.

The next thing that Albert remembered was lying awake in his great bed, the room full of pale winter sunshine, a pretty servant with a cup of tea standing by his side, telling him it was a fine morning and wishing him a Merry Christmas. Albert was so confused by the lightning transition that he could hardly make a proper reply. He had an unusually strong desire for a very hot bath immediately, his whole skin felt uncomfortable, and as soon as the girl was out of the room he put on his dressing gown and hurried along to the bathroom lest someone get there before him. While he was running the water and shaving it came to him that his dream, for so he thought of it, placed the earl's £1,000 book within his grasp, and he was suddenly rather excited: the dream had made such an impression on him that he was sure he could tell it well, and all he had to do was to insist that he was wide awake when it happened. He was taking off his pyjama jacket to get into the bath, when he saw that his torso was marked in many places by angry-looking, lumpish rashes. He then realised why, taken up with the possibility of winning £1,000, he had been absent-mindedly scratching himself as busily as the creatures of his dream: his body was covered with red spots.

Albert was horrified and disgusted. He thought at first that he must have eaten something to disagree with him. But no, these things on his body were definitely bites. Albert says the only conclusion he could reach was that his unhappy state was due to the two verminous creatures of his dream. But in that case the dream was not a dream, it was some kind of super-normal experience which he did not understand and which, in a flush of near panic and the self-defensive refusal to allow the comfortable agnosticism of a lifetime to be upset, he did not want to understand.

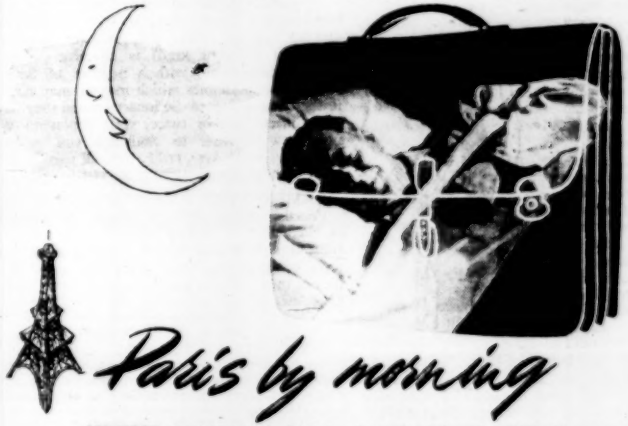
The only consolation he could think of was that he now had absolute proof of his ghost story and that it certainly ought to win him the prize. Even so, he was terribly worried, and simply could not put the implications of the affair out of his mind. I sympathised with him: true, the priest's story, followed by so vivid a dream, might have made such an impression on his mind that his body had given expression to so much feeling by producing stigmata: the thing is not impossible, although the subject is usually an hysteric. If this was not the explanation, then the problem was one for a committee composed of a theologian, a psychic research expert and a sound entomologist. Ghostly dogs and horses are two a penny, but ghosts which leave spots must surely be rather out of the way.

When Albert came downstairs to breakfast, Father Ralph was alone in the room; he had been up early to celebrate Mass, and his communicants were all in their rooms getting ready for breakfast. Albert felt that he could not keep his story until the evening, he must have advice, the mystery of the thing was worrying him terribly. Moreover, with that £1,000 so close he felt that a rehearsal would be a good plan. He took the priest into the window bay and told him the whole thing. The chaplain listened to him patiently, although he grew very red in the face. The moment Albert had finished Father Ralph said, in a very disagreeable manner and with no consideration for poor Albert's feelings: "Let me see the bites."

Albert felt very shy, but he did as he was asked. The priest scowled at what he saw and told Albert in a rather testy manner to button up his shirt. Albert said, "Well, what do you think, Father?" and the priest said, "My dear Sir, if you are really prepared, if you have the effrontery to tell the countess, to her face, and before her guests, that her bed linen is lousy, you deserve to win the money."

Albert says that he could not bear to stay and see the £1,000 taken away from him, so he made some excuse and left early. I saw an account of the house-party in one of the glossy magazines: the dim critic woman won the book, and it fetched eleven hundred guineas at Sotheby's a month later. Her story was very good, but I thought it even better as Ambrose Bierce wrote it.

EDWARD HYAMS



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Christmas Diversions

[*Readers were invited to contribute to this festal hotch-potch. In the diversions here presented by* Tom Driberg, *with the co-operation of* Ronald Searle, *many of their suggestions and compositions have been included. Complete originality is not guaranteed. Prizes will be distributed with rough justice. Solutions to puzzles, answers to quizzes, on page* 741.]

CHRISTMAS, like laughter, is a sudden glory. The suddenness is important: the glory is an annual surprise. The commercial exploitation of Christmas for weeks in advance, so that illuminated trees are displayed outside the stores even before Advent, is so nauseating and so excessive that quite unsophisticated and even Christian people feel some dismay. Those of whom many presents are expected sink into a procrastinating gloom. Those who have lightly committed themselves to giving or taking part in Christmas parties are in despair.

Then Christmas Eve comes. It is too late now to make any more preparations. A last rush round any shops still open: we must make do with what we have got. Perhaps a carol from King's College, Cambridge, filters through from the wireless next door; or some brats are braying at the garden-gate; or a pious friend drags us to midnight Mass at Thaxted or the Oratory or Graham Terrace; or a letter comes from an old nurse or childhood crony, recalling Christmases of our innocence. Whatever the cause, to almost every one of us—the agnostic, the lonely, the old sourpuss, Scrooge himself—comes a sensible melting in the marrow ("a madrigal start"!). It is the most *congenial* festival of the Christian year.

So let me begin with a preliminary topic of first importance—the drinks. If you are having a party, don't use your best glasses. Do devote some time to planning supplies.

Leaving non-alcoholics and those who can afford and get plenty of whisky to look after themselves, we advise concentration on one cold and one hot drink. A medium-sized refrigerator, emptied of food for the evening, will hold several dozen small bottles of beer. If you can't get imported lager, an excellent alternative, which stands up well to chilling, is a good I.P.A. or some other strong light ale. To make "black velvet" with stout, English champagne-type wine, of the kinds you can get in pubs, does almost as well as real champagne (which it is a pity to dilute, anyway).

For the hot drink, there's nothing to beat a standard rum-punch (but remember that some people find the rum flavour unpleasant, so spice and enrich it generously). A handful of raisins, if there are any about still, may be added to the conventional sugar, cinnamon, nutmeg and orange peel; use about equal parts of rum, brandy (or whisky), and water, and heat it till the very aroma seems intoxicating. (Don't drive a car home afterwards. Sleep where you fall.)

PRONUNCIATION TEST

When the rum has had time to sink in a bit, the most pedantic elocutionist in the party might be invited to read aloud, without preparation, the following passage (based on a composition by Allan M. Laing):

One Quinquagesima morning, a decadent and despicable coiffeur awoke with matutinal vertigo. His deshabille disturbed him: the intercameral perambulations of his valet seemed a heinous, indeed a flagitious, species of surveillance. He ate a picayune breakfast—one lone scone. In the bath-room the geyser was belching and coughing through its quantitatively inadequate small-calibre conduit—a cacophonous acoustic vagary. "Pshaw!" he cried, launching into demoniac gibberish. An abominable abdominal twinge suggested a visit to a laboratory: instead, he took a trip by char-a-banc to an ancient basilica, admired the rococo reredos, the ogival clerestory, the chamfered imposts of the columnar responds, the cinquefoiled piscina and sedilia, and the niched icons; and returned home full of the sense of his own acumen and probity.

For this and other tests and games, a good dictionary should be at hand.

GAMES WITH CARDS

Canasta is not merely *chic*. It is so good a game that it can be played all night without the stimulus of gambling. It affords superb opportunities for gamesmanship. When a player has just picked up a big discard-pile, it is easy to fluster her by saying, rather too insistently, "Take your time . . . No, please *do*: the night's still young"; or to distract her by talking canasta shop with the others—"I believe it's only at the Brazilian Embassy, isn't it, that they use red threes as wild cards?". Or you can slip inadvertently into the Latin-American jargon—*escalada* ("sorry, I mean sequence") and *canasta sucia* and *de ramplon*. But it is important to agree in advance which rules are to be played, since there are various British and American codes. The best book of rules is by Colin Harding, of the *Sunday Times*.

Of games played not with "real" but with word-making cards, there is still much to be said for Lexicon. Here, too, gamesmanship (of a somewhat different kind) is effective. Prime yourself beforehand with a number of Saxon-looking monosyllables which may or may not be in the biggest Oxford dictionary: when they have been bitten once or twice, your opponents will not know whether to challenge you or not. (Samples: *swad, hyte, bruik, loke*, all used in play by or with the late Constant Lambert.)

GAMES WITH PAPER AND PENCIL

Pencils should be got ready beforehand; or the effort of finding them will provide too substantial an excuse for the majority who won't want to play (but may enjoy the game once they're in it). These games shouldn't drag on too long.

ALPHA AND OMEGA
(from C. M. Walkerdine)

Each player chooses the initial of one of his or her names and writes a sentence of ten words, each word beginning with the chosen letter. When all are completed, each paper is passed to the next player on the left. Then each writes a sentence in which the words begin with the final letters of the words in the original sentence. The order must not be altered.

Thus:

Winifred walked wearily, waveringly, wondering whether William would want welcoming.

Doris, disliking Yorkshire yokels, gave retiring, manly don thankful greeting.

THE TRIANGULAR DUEL

Donald was consulting Professor Chance in some anxiety. "I have agreed," he said, "to be Colin's second in a ridiculous three-cornered revolver duel he has arranged with Arthur and Bob. Arthur never misses his man and, as Bob is a better shot than Colin, they have agreed to fire in turn, Colin first, then Bob, and lastly Arthur. They will go on in that order till only one is left unhit, a wounded man's turn being taken by the next on the list. How am I to advise Colin? I can see, of course, that he mustn't try to put out Bob with his first shot but is it certain that he must try to hit Arthur?"

The professor went into a huddle and made a few calculations. "Not at all," he then replied "I know pretty accurately Bob's chance of hitting his man and it is quite possible that Colin would do best to fire his first shot in the air. I can't be certain unless I know what sort of a shot Colin is."

What did the professor know about Bob?

(R. Martin)

QUADRUPLE ACROSTIC

CLUES: Uprights: Well known to readers of *N.S. & N.* Are these four names, so try and try again.

Across: 1. They raise in Eastern lands this luscious fruit. 2. In Asia it's a mountain-ranging brute. 3. On these, if lucky, you may find a seat. 4. Here is a little bread-cake, good to eat. 5. This is enough to make one rather ill. 6. And this, perhaps, once warmed the famous Bill.

(H. A. C. Evans)

MULTIPLICATION PUZZLE

```
  COLUMBINE
    CLOWN
  ---------
      . . . . . MWEBL
      . . . . . . . I
    B . . . . . . . U
   NI . . . . . . N
  OIN . . . . . C
  ---------
   NM . . . . . . . . . .
```

What digit does each letter represent?

(Ralph Partridge)

GAMES WITHOUT CARDS OR PAPER

NEBUCHADNEZZAR

Easily the best example of a familiar *genre* (as played at Carradale, Argyll, by Mrs. Naomi Mitchison and family).

"He" (each player in turn) chooses a character from real life or history or fiction, and indicates the initial with which the character's name begins by saying "I am not Nebuchadnezzar, nor am I Mr. Herbert Morrison." So the others know that he begins with M.

Each in turn thinks of a sufficiently famous person beginning with M, and asks a question designed to make identification possible but more or less difficult: thus, "Did your teaching counterbalance the mechanistic view of human behaviour?"; or "Were you urged to 'lay on'?"; or "Are you an eminent Spanish ex-diplomat and writer?" To each of these in turn, He should be able to reply, "I was not William McDougall"; "I was not Macduff"; "I am not Madariaga."

If "He" is unable to recognise one of his supposed identities, the players who has "caught" him is allowed a "free question," to which the answer is simply Yes or No: thus, "Are you alive or dead?" "Are you male or female?" "Did you flourish before or after 1800?" "Are you mainly known in connection with the Arts (in the widest sense)?"

In the end—perhaps by telepathy—someone is sure to guess: "Do you keep order in a sometimes turbulent assembly?"; and "He" must admit to being the new Speaker of the House of Commons, Mr. W. S. Morrison.

Cads and Bores

A simple and malicious little conversational game, for which paper is hardly needed, much favoured in political and musical circles: draw up rival cricket-teams consisting respectively of the eleven most frightful cads and the eleven most crashing bores within the acquaintance of those present.

No name should figure in both lists.

CATCH QUOTES

This extempore quiz is only appropriate in highly erudite circles. A. J. A. Symons excelled at it. The point is to know by heart, and to recite, a few lines of verse (or prose) which are by no means typical of their author; listeners have three guesses at his identity.

Thus: Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry . . . .

Or: God bless the Squire
And all his rich relations
Who teach us poor people
We eat our proper rations . . . .
We have, we have, they say we have—
We HAVE our proper rations!

Or: A present flash, and future flame,
Is the best income sin can name.

Few, who did not happen to know, would readily guess that the writers of these three extracts were, respectively, William Blake, Rudyard Kipling, and Faithful Teate.

READING ALOUD

This Victorian pastime is underestimated nowadays. It makes a pleasant break in an evening of rowdier diversion; or a pleasant whole sedentary evening for the elderly.

It can be serious or comic. For serious reading it is worth exploring poets who have been out of fashion of late. Matthew Arnold's *Scholar-Gipsy* reads aloud extraordinarily well.

Lighter reading: *The Diary of a Nobody*, Macaulay's *Country Clergyman's Trip to Cambridge*, songs in the Bedlamite metre, Bishop Corbet's ballad, "Farewell rewards and fairies . . .", Edward Lear, John Betjeman.

• If the company be sufficiently profane not to mind guying Tennyson, *The Ballad of Oriana* ("*They should have stabb'd me where I lay, Oriana! How could I rise and come away, Oriana?*") is funny if declaimed with fire and passion, and with the substitution for the lady's name of the words "Bottom Upwards."

DIGESTIVE QUIZZES

While all that pudding is settling down, you won't want to be playing rough games; but reading aloud might send you to sleep . . . Just the moment for a seasonable quiz:

I.

A. Who wrote?

1. *Christmas His Masque.* 2. *Ceremonies for Christmas.* 3. *A Christmas Tale.* 4. *The Night Before Christmas.* 5. *The Book of Christmas.* 6. *A Christmas Carol.* 7. *Christmas Storms and Sunshine.* 8. *Christmas Eve and Easter Day.* 9. *The Christmas Mummers.* 10. *Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage.* 11. *Hans Breitmann's Christmas.* 12. *Christmas Night of '62.* 13. *Christmas at the Mermaid.* 14. *A Ballade of Christmas Ghosts.* 15. *Christmas at Thompson Hall.* 16. *Christmas Greeting from a Fairy to a Child.* 17. *Christmas Tree Land.* 18. *The Birds' Christmas Carol.* 19. *Christmas at Sea.* 20. *A Christmas Posy.* 21. *Whistling Dick's Christmas Stocking.* 22. *Shakespeare's Christmas.* 23. *A Christmas Garland.* 24. *King John's Christmas.* 25. *A Christmas Tree and a Wedding.* 26. *Christmas at Cold Comfort Farm.* 27. *Christmas Holiday.*

B. Where are descriptions of Christmas at the following places to be found?

1. *Uppercross.* 2. *Bracebridge Hall.* 3. *Chainmail Hall.* 4. *Dingley Dell.* 5. *St. Geneviève.* 6. *Queen's Crawley.* 7. *Dorlcote Mill.* 8. *Dreamthorp.* 9. *Hogglestock.* 10. *Kirkby Cottage.* 11. *Thompson Hall.* 12. *Beechcroft.* 13. *Simpson's Par.* 14. *Chorsterham.* 15. *Mellstock.* 16. *The Mermaid.* 17. *Raby Hall.* 18. "*Carrie's Mother's.*" 19. *Polchester.* 20. *Cold Comfort Farm.* (J. A. R. Pimlott)

II.

1. Whose Uncle William committed suicide by shutting his head in a carpet-bag?
2. What V.I.P. once thought that "choate" was the opposite of "inchoate"?
3. What great novelist once caused a great forest fire?
4. Who said: "Don't interrupt me: can't you see I'm dying?"?
5. Gilbert Chesterton acted the part of a cowboy in a discarded film by whom?
6. Who once dunned Robert Browning for his income tax?
7. Whose cottage was called "The Shaw"?
8. Who said of his brother: "Madam, he is already a knight in the sight of God"?
9. Who wrote the ballad "Atalanta in Camden-Town"?
10. What writer believed more in cobbler's wax on his chair than in inspiration?

(Allan M. Laing)

GAMES WITH ACTION

The Chocolate Game

Players sit in a circle. In the centre is a chair, and a table laid with a knife, fork, napkin, and plate with a bar of chocolate on it. Dice are passed rapidly round the circle, each player shaking in turn. The first player to shake a six runs to the table, sits down, spreads the napkin on his knee, cuts the chocolate with the knife and fork, and proceeds to eat it, *using only the prongs of the fork.* The next player to shake a six ejects him, sits at the table, and proceeds as above. If fewer than ten people play, use one dice. (Mrs. Janet Brown)

Balloon Debate

There should be five or six players, and others as judges. Each participant is given a character, *e.g.*, Bishop, General, Spiv, Schoolmaster, Chartered Accountant, etc. They are supposed to be together in a balloon, over the Pacific Ocean; one of them must be jettisoned. Which is it to be? Each character must make a short speech—one minute, or to taste—setting out the reasons why he should not be the one. Histrionics permitted. The onlookers award prizes. (H. A. C. Evans)

WORST PUN

This might make a diversion for quick-witted versifiers: compose a couplet or quatrain, the last line to contain a play on words as shocking as this sent in by the versatile Mr. Laing:

There can't have been an R.S.P.C.A.
In the Pacific on that fatal day
When Cortes, far the stoutest of his men,
Stood silent on a Peke in Darien.

CAROL-SINGING

Don't be shy of this—and don't stick only to those mid-Victorian "old favourites." The *Oxford Book of Carols*, though a bit arty, is full of agreeable surprises: Durfey's "All hail to the days that merit more praise"; the Bellman's Song ("The moon shines bright, and the stars give a light"); The Holy Well (Herefordshire folk and E. Maconchy); Jacob's Ladder (Methodist revival and Martin Shaw); and, of course, the enchanting Cherry-tree Carol, and Holst, and Warlock.

MISANTHROPES' CORNER

(from Edward Blishen)

Reluctant Christmas revellers with an animus against party games, especially of the excruciatingly ingenious type, may care to stock up with the following. Any one of them is guaranteed to kill for an evening, if not for longer, the enthusiasm which makes the season so agonising to the introvert.

Novel Race

Hand to each of the players a thick notebook and a supply of pencils. The game is simply to see which of them can first complete a 60,000-word novel.

Outdoor Treasure Hunt

Admirable in vile weather. Hide the clues in dark, wet places, and don't be too scrupulous in concocting them. Remember that your object is to mislead and exhaust.

Adultery

This is played like 'Murder,' with such differences as are suggested by the change of title.

Pokerless Strip Poker

Point out how much time is wasted in playing poker in the usual game of strip poker. The revellers will at first pretend to enjoy their mid-winter nudism, but a certain pallor and quiescence will soon replace their feigned delight.

Murder

This is a last throw and is recommended only to misanthropes of profound conviction.

. . . . but the misanthropes have got one splendid escape-clause. The "authorised" translation of the original Christmas message is a mistranslation: it wasn't "peace, goodwill toward men," indiscriminately, that the angels sang about, but "peace *to men of goodwill*" . . . So each can keep his favourite bogys intact.

The Arts and Entertainment

THREE NEW PLAYS

With Christmas all but on us three new plays offer themselves as holiday diversions, and two of them will, I think, give pleasure to many people. The latest Anouilh, *Colombe* (at the New Theatre) is often amusing enough, but it seems to me the least successful as a whole of Anouilh's plays we have so far seen—at least in this English adaptation. The producer, Mr. Peter Brook, has put many characteristic and amusing touches both into the mechanics and into individual scenes, but he has failed to hold its parts together and it splits decisively into two, each half offering quite different kinds of pleasure. On the one hand there is the farcical comedy giving us a peep behind the scenes in a theatre ruled by one of the Great Actresses of the nineteen hundreds in Paris. Miss Yvonne Arnaud is not ideally cast as this formidable ogress. In particular her pronunciation, ordinarily an addition to her comedy, is here a handicap: it prevents her getting many of the laughs which depend on a rather long line of phrase. Still, she makes a wonderful sight with her sky-blue eyes and flaming red wig and fantastic dresses; and convinces us that she knows how to control her terrified entourage, which consists of her tame poet (Esmé Percy), her manager (David Horne), her secretary (Eliot Makeham), her coiffeur, her manicurist and her dresser. This part of the play rises to a nicely ridiculous climax in the penultimate scene where we are shown an act of her play in performance, but from behind, with all the absurdities of the contemporary stage devices exposed to our view. There is nothing new in this, of course, but it is produced with an excellent combination of taste, invention and restraint.

Alongside this broad comedy there is one of M. Anouilh's sentimental little love stories, which he handles so adroitly as to fool many people into taking them seriously as expressing a Philosophy of Life. An unsophisticated flower girl has fallen in love with and married the neurotic son of this actress. This intense, serious young man has kept her out of the world for two years. Now called up for military service he has to leave her in the hands of his mother. Here in the theatre the Dove discovers herself. She was always, she now realises, bored by the intensity of life with her husband: what she wanted was attention and dance-music and the simpler sensuous pleasures. This part of the play disengages itself in the last scene and a half, and runs prettily and touchingly through on its own. Miss Joyce Redman is the Dove and very skilfully and takingly she plays it, striking just that note between reality and fantasy which might have linked the two parts. But Mr. Michael Gough, playing opposite her, fails to make the join: his acting is purely realistic and so at odds with the rest. Granted that it is a serious performance, and pays off in that last scene where she and he are left on a deserted stage to face the facts of their marriage: simplicity in the direction and sincerity in the acting make this scene very moving. But still it is the lack of style in him which is mainly responsible for the split down the centre; while the translation and adaptation too, are only partially successful. Still, there are enough sparkling moments to make it recommendable, and the last half is better than the first.

Miss Lesley Storm, who lately gave us *Black Chiffon* and now *The Day's Mischief* (at the Duke of York's), looks like being an acquisition to our theatre, for she is helping to fill a curious blank. Masterpieces one cannot expect every six months and cannot in any case arrange for; what we lack is the equivalent of the good novel which doesn't pretend to be anything more than lively and interesting entertainment addressed to reasonably intelligent people. Mr. Balchin's first novels, for instance, were such. Miss Storm is not quite yet in the Balchin class; but she gets nearer with this play than with her last.

She has the good sense to take a strong central situation and produce it theatrically. In *The Day's Mischief* a schoolmaster in early middle age has a reciprocated crush on a seventeen-year-old girl pupil, which by a series of accidents leads him, his wife and the girl's family up to the edge of the abyss. The authoress successfully entangles and disentangles the situation, produces several tense little scenes on the way, and doesn't entirely burke an incidental tragedy. Besides writing amusing lines she catches (which is absurdly uncommon in this kind of play) a contemporary speech idiom, and she meets the situations she creates with a decent, grown-up attitude of mind. This is a lot, and it is enough indeed to make a most interesting and eventful evening.

The weaknesses in the play spring, I suggest, from her trying to cover too much ground. The interest is divided equally between the schoolmaster and his wife on the one hand, and the girl and her family on the other. Apart from a breaking of tension caused by the switched scenes, there isn't time in a play to go deeply into both. She rather indicates types whom we are already expected to recognise than reveals characters we don't yet know. Then, the chief cause of the mischief—the curdled aunt of the girl in question—isn't quite a success. Miss Beatrix Lehmann gives a perfect little portrait of this suburban dotty in repose—her sniff, her drooping cigarette, her glasses, her pouncing fingers—but even she can't make her intervention quite convincing. Yet as long as we are in the theatre the story holds us, capably conducted by a strong cast headed by Catherine Lacey, Ian Hunter and Walter Fitzgerald.

The advantage of a strong situation is that it may successfully cover up any lack of depth in the characterisation. Mr. Peter Watling in *Indian Summer* handicaps himself with all too weak a story. He observes the attitudes and conversational cliches of his Earls Court characters well and records them faithfully. But in the end it isn't attitudes which engage our interest but the people behind the attitudes. One Colonel's lady deplores the present day in much the same terms as another: one old-fashioned Major trots out much the same platitudes as another. True, but the interest lies below this conventional surface. To record, however faithfully, the banalities of the exterior, only leads to boredom unless that banality is blown up into something archetypal. All the same Mr. Watling has developed his gifts in this play, and I shall look forward to his next. Another strong cast headed by Robert Flemyng, Jane Baxter and Betty Ann Davies, work hard to catch our interest, but having nothing to catch on they relapse into their own several idiosyncrasies.

T. C. Worsley

DONALD OF THE BURTHENS

Most of our choreographers dislike using the stories on their doorstep. They prefer Greece, France, anywhere to staying at home. Massine's *Donald of the Burthens*, whose first performance was given at Covent Garden last week, at least challenges this attitude. It pinions Scottish tradition in the steps of the dancers and uses local material with a dash and vigour which Ashton's work has long since lost. This Scottish version of the Faust legend is set in the fourteenth century. Donald, the wood-carrier, meets Death. She promises to make a Doctor of him; but he will die if he cheats her. Of course he does cheat her, to save the life of the King, and Death has her revenge. Massine, I think, fails to translate this story into a successful ballet, though the wealth of his invention and the bold mixture of Scottish steps and classical technique give the work a significance beyond its artistic worth.

The costumes of Robert Colquhoun and Robert MacBryde and the grey, brown, green, yellow and purple of their decor excellently convey the colour and vitality of the Highlands. The company dances have the same quality, but Massine gives the conflict between Donald and Death, and the deeper conflict within Donald himself, no more importance than that of a line on which to hang these dances. The first scene is tedious, the bargain with Death choreographically unconvincing and obscure. Ian Whyte's music, though correct in atmosphere and adequate for the corps de ballet, also fails when it comes to the main characters, and Death has no strong musical motif. The dance movements certainly give no substance to either Donald or Death, and they remain shadows. The small, bent figure of Alexander Grant's Donald cannot capture the stage or our sympathy. He is cocksure and nimble with a touch of bravado, but when he dies we feel no pity, no indignation and no sorrow. Beryl Grey's Death, with its grasping, snake-like movements and pirouettes (the only dancing on points), must be one of the most difficult roles conceived for any dancer. It demands great concentration in technical execution but is dramatically so weak that it dominates the stage and the ballet only because Beryl Grey invests the movements with an intensity of her own, remorseless and terrifying.

Such deficiencies in the main conception cannot be hidden by good production and fine performance. Among the corps, and in Donald's solo dances, the mixture of classical ballet technique with the steps of Scottish dancing does not quite establish the sense of robust brawniness which one looks for in a character ballet of this kind. The result is impressive but a good deal of classical delicacy and courtliness remain, so that the effect is unconvincing, a clash, rather than a blend of styles. It is partly the fault of the dancers. The dances for the girls (the Waulking Dance in the first scene, the Lament for the King, and the country dance, in the second) are beautiful but too dainty; the sword dance for the men was a brilliant choreographic conception, but in performance, except for Brian Shaw, it had none of the gusto, passion and toughness which the dance and the period demand. The three performances of the ballet I saw lacked spontaneity because the classically trained corps had difficulty with steps which should be known to every dancer trained in Britain. The gap between Cecil Sharp House, the Royal Academy of Dancing and the Sadler's Wells School seems very wide, and Massine has drawn attention to the width.

Peter Brinson

REHEARSAL, SCORE, PERFORMANCE

With the air of a man uttering a platitude, the music critic of *The Times* recently made a startling pronouncement. "It is a mistake," he wrote (*à propos* of *Billy Budd*), "for anyone who is not obliged to do so because of his duties as conductor, singer, or producer to study a new opera before its first performance, and attendance at rehearsals is even more dangerous."

Mistake? Danger? Good heavens! As I read those words and discovered what dreadful risks I had been running for all these years, I felt rather as Monsieur Jourdain must have felt at the discovery that he had been a lifelong talker of prose. In my innocence, I had always assumed the exact opposite. I had supposed that the more preparation you could devote to a work, the more thoroughly you studied it and the more often you heard it, the more likely you were (subject to your natural limitations of taste and intelligence) to understand the composer's aims and form a just estimate of his achievement. Such notions, I now learn, are antiquated and must be scrapped. And the new system has certainly one great advantage: it is blissfully simple. It makes no difference whether the listener is a critic or an ordinary member of the public; all he need do is to drop into his stall, knowing nothing and expecting nothing. Even to have read the libretto is hardly playing the game; a glance at the programme should be enough. The doctrine applies, so I understand, not only to opera but to any sort of music; and it is maintained, I have discovered, by other eminent English journalists besides the critic of *The Times*.

Outside England, such a point of view would excite surprise. In most foreign countries, the

leading critics are regularly supplied with the scores of important new works and invited, as a matter of course, to rehearsals. Consequently, the careful critic, instead of having to deliver a snap judgment on a first impression, is enabled to investigate a structure which may be highly complex and a style which may be disconcertingly novel. Nor is that all. In the spacious pre-war days, at least, he made it his business to prepare the public for the forthcoming novelty by means of long elucidatory articles, fulfilling thereby (as it seems to me) a most useful function of criticism. For it is surely a too narrow conception of criticism to see the critic only as a judge; he ought also to be a bridge between composer and public, though he cannot hope to fulfil this part of his task when he finds himself quite out of sympathy with the composer concerned.

By the way, what constitutes "a new opera" in the sense intended by *The Times*? If Verdi's *Luisa Miller* were now to be produced in England, it would be a new opera for most of us; even *Don Carlo*, the other day, was evidently new enough to some of its critics. Is Mr. Dyneley Hussey, who has written a book on Verdi, in a worse position to discuss these works than someone to whom the scores are quite unfamiliar? It will be objected that Verdi's style is so well known that no opera by him can now be called "new." Then what of *Katya Kabanova*? It is the only Janacek opera ever given in England, and performances of his instrumental works have been few and far between. Everything about his style is strange to us: the spare orchestration, the laconic understatements, the Moravian word-patterns which shape the melodic lines. Surely it is a piece of unconscious arrogance even for the best of musicians to feel, in this case, that he can safely dispense with the help of score and rehearsal. Furthermore, it is just such a work as *Katya* which needs the most sympathetic handling in the press if the notoriously unadventurous opera-going public is to give it a fair trial. What happened in fact was that most of my colleagues, who are always ready to bewail the poverty of our opera repertory, instantly killed the opera's chance of establishing itself by the flat incomprehension of their notices. Now no sensible man wants a critic to pretend to like a work which he doesn't like. But some of the notices of *Katya* contained errors of fact which acquaintance with the score would have precluded.

I find it hard to understand the principle on which this attitude of mind is based. Perhaps there is a confused notion of fair play—though not, heavens knows, fair play for the composer. The critic, it is dimly suggested, must not steal a march on the rest of the audience; it is unfair for him to have had a peep behind the scenes. There is also a notion that the atmosphere of a first night—or anyhow of a public performance—is more conducive to a sound critical judgment than that of a rehearsal or than a silent perusual of the score. I agree that rehearsals offer no secure basis for the discussion of the performance *qua* performance (I once got caught in this elementary mistake). I agree too that one must be prepared to revise, and if necessary to contradict, one's preliminary impressions in the light of the "actual" live performance. But the history of opera ought to put us on our guard against attaching too much importance to that very chancy occasion, the operatic *première*. The critic who feels such blithe confidence in his first-night reactions ought to remind himself now and then of those celebrated initial fiascos, *The Barber of Seville* and *La Traviata*, *Madame Butterfly* and *Carmen*. The truth is that the first production of a new opera is attended by all sorts of accidental troubles, of casting, production and the like, many of which lie quite outside the control of the composer. Like everything in the theatre, it is to some extent a gamble; and it is always a race against time. In such circumstances to reject the contributory help of rehearsal and score, when these are made available and when time and circumstances permit, seems to me gratuitous folly.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

No Rationing Here!

Whatever the Ministry of Food may or may not have in store for us we can confidently promise plenty of good fare each weekend in the coming months. To take foreign affairs first, Kingsley Martin, now on his way to the Middle East, will write of people and politics in Persia and neighbouring countries; Heinrich Fraenkel will tell of his investigations into the state and aims of the West German Labour Movement; Alexander Werth, now covering the General Assembly in Paris, will be visiting and reporting on French North Africa; all this in addition to reports from our correspondents in U.S.A., South America and elsewhere.

On home affairs, our informed and incisive comment on political matters will be augmented with articles by such people as R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., and John Freeman, M.P. Basil Davidson will be contributing an important series on the crisis in Britain's schools. Aylmer Vallance will continue to report on his search for what remains of Craftsmen's England. Norman MacKenzie is enquiring into two problems of topical interest—the high cost of laundry work and the state of British Railways.

In "Arts and Entertainments" we offer T. C. Worsley on the theatre, Desmond Shawe-Taylor on music, Edward Sackville West on gramophone music and William Whitebait's entertaining commentary on the "movies." The contributors of "middles" and reviewers on the literary side will maintain the tradition and distinction of their part of the paper. Sagittarius will still ride the skies and Assiac move his pieces.

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THE MOVIES

"The Day the Earth Stood Still," at the Marble Arch Pavilion

"Westward the Women," at the Empire

"Double Dynamite," at the Gaumont and the Marble Arch Pavilion

The cinemas don't seem to be putting themselves out for Christmas. No fairy tale; the elephants have packed their trunks and gone; we still await Chaplin, new or old; and to rival circuses and pantomimes, Peter Pan on wires and Robinson Crusoe on ice, only Groucho raises unspeakable eyebrows in the lands of dream. It is curious that—apart from Disney—the cinema should never have evolved a specifically Christmas show. Something or other of holiday-long staying power may happen to turn up, and Tarzan or King Kong may return with a great grandson (though not, apparently, this year); that is all. The traditional saturnalia of trees, snow, stockings, and crackers whirl all about us in shops and street; and there's the same old queue waiting to see the same old film. I shouldn't mind it myself, if this disregard of season were the signal, say, of a stern resolve in the new year to institute better programmes. But will it be? I need hardly answer. Never before has the world been so at the mercy of impresarios for whom the maxim has proved itself again and again, that one bad film deserves another.

Picking, then, among the un-holiday fare, I have found that quite the best entertainment is offered by the space-thriller at the Marble Arch Pavilion. Film adventures in space are always more exciting than those in tims (witness the disappointment of last week's recession into knee-breeches in Berkeley Square): they arouse wonder and fear, the mechanics of the space-gun and the space-ship are fascinating, and to sail outside gravity and encounter the full bathos of the script writer in one instant brings a thrill for which every cinema-mane is grateful. I still recall the moment when, with Mars spinning past us a thousand miles away, the great aeronaut turned to his assistant with a casual "This, I think, will be suitable landing terrain." And so, by Jupiter, it was. And do I remember—or am I inventing—that landing party which stepped out on the moon to plant the American flag and stand rigid to the strains of the Stars and Stripes?

So far, our inter-stellar trips had been outward; *The Day the Earth Stood Still* brings a stranger from them to us. To be precise, a flying saucer alights on the sward of Washington; piloted—not, as Mr. Gerald Heard would have had us believe, by two-inch bees—but by a tall grave gentleman in ballpoon-silk overalls and his robot. The American army wounds the gentleman, and the robot takes one blinding look through his vizor and melts the weapons in their hands. This is good space stuff: Superman and Atom Hero were only the crudest proposition for Katoo and the Thing. Katoo is highminded; he has studied our unenviable situation, tries to call a meeting of the nations, convokes the scientists, gets hounded and shot at, and dies, and but for an agreeable invention with lights to revive him he would never have flown away again to his paradise in the skies. There, we gather, war has been stamped out by the simple device of robot police who automatically destroy the aggressor. I'm not quite sure about the robot, who, of course, for one terrible moment, has at his mercy a girl only brought into the picture for that purpose (though she also, on the side, gets a half-hour stuck in a lift with the space-man, who is really above such things). He or it, I feel, belongs to another legend, and legends don't mix. However, I think *The Day the Earth Stood Still* has given us our money's worth. Robert Wise handsomely directs, and Michael Rennie handsomely, and quite remotely, embodies Katoo.

Westward the Women is a picture for men, if men want a trek of pioneering good women across mountain, desert, rape, Red Indian, sadism, and song to a bachelor village in California. This somewhat repellent piece, which manages to introduce almost every queue-compelling idiocy that could be thought of, was written by Frank Capra and directed by William Wellman.

Clowns are said to be sad, and Groucho is unquestionably so in *Double Dynamite*, with a tit-for-tat in Jane Russell, and Sinatra sweetly moaning.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

ALLEGORY has a way of simplifying the statement of a problem, but of limiting and obscuring the scope of its solution. Keeping these points in mind, I suppose we may describe as an allegory Dr. Bronowski's poetic play *The Face of Violence*, "a symbolic portrait of the manifestations and motives of violence in modern society." This subject is, in fact, one of the most important in the world to-day, and powerful as the presentation was, with its dramatic episodes, and its bold and stirring lines I found the idea (perhaps because of the nature of the author's intelligence) constantly breaking out of the treatment. Sometimes, it is true, the point could best be made dramatically; Mark's loss of his own separateness from the violence whose source he is hunting down; the discovery that the victim (a most striking moment) has not acquired the nobility of his own martyrdom—a peculiarly contemporary discovery. And yet, though the idea has its own life, the drama (unlike the Peer Gynt quest, which offers a rough parallel) does not stand, apart from its allegorical content. Logically enough, it is the needs of the form which occasion the play's weakness—the withdrawing sentimentality of its concluding thought ("Violence has the face of the fallen angels"), which may seal up the end by rebuffing speculation, but does not by any means grow out of the evidence.

I was held, though unwillingly, by Wilfrid Grantham's *Mary Tudor* on Saturday Night Theatre—unwillingly, because the story is a melancholy one, and because dramatised history is, as I have said before, all too capable of injustices to the persons it represents. This gentle and sympathetic Mary, however, whether historically true or not, cannot have vexed the Queen's unhappy ghost. The problem of how to present in modern prose the royal quality of ancient kings and queens is one involving taste as well as skill. But the dialogue, restrained and workmanlike, had hardly a false note. And between Flora Robson's Mary, Maxine Audley's Elizabeth, and Roger Delgado's Philip of Spain—three brilliant performances—court dignity was conveyed as well as the variations of human weakness. Another Home Service success was *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (in Mollie Greenhalgh's adaptation). I do not know if many other novels of Dickens would make as good a 90-minute play. *Drood* certainly has the advantage of being one of the shortest, most economical, and most intense; the most hauntingly dramatic, also. The production, by Raymond Raikes, showed a nice sense of what, for want of a better word, I will call perspective; whether in the cathedral atmosphere, always evident behind the more urgent tensions of the surface, or in details such as the retreating urchin voice of Denise Bryer's "Deputy." This was an excellent performance: so too, on a larger scale, was the Mr. Grewgious of Ernest Thesiger, all dry Dickensian benevolence, and a counterpart to the fresh charm of the young people.

It seemed to me, as I heard the late night repeat of Stevie Smith's *More Poems and Drawings* that these poems, whether to the listener's liking or no, had the original spark that is the least frequent of qualities. The programme, too, was unusual, for in it the speaker described her accompanying drawings as well as reading the verses; both in a voice that was unemphatic and apt. Seated (we may imagine) at the turret window, walking in the street, looking behind her without turning round, she combines a sharp observation with a dry romantic melancholy, that is made to cover more aspects of the human predicament than we would expect from so deceptively simple a poet.

NAOMI LEWIS

Correspondence

MARKET GARDENERS

SIR,—The important point that Mrs. Barbara Castle made in your issue of December 1 must not be obscured by the cloud of feathers her article will undoubtedly raise. Upon certain assumptions it *is* silly of us in this country to put up acres of glass, and to burn thousands of tons of fuel, in order to produce what the sun can produce unaided in more favoured latitudes; and the absurdity is heightened when barriers are erected against the sun-grown product so that a market may be found for the hothouse-grown. The assumptions are that foreign supplies will always be available and that exchange will always be obtained without difficulty to purchase them. Neither can be granted with assurance, and the real issue is whether we want this type of produce sufficiently badly to justify the expense of ensuring supplies from indigenous sources. Hitherto the answer has been "Yes"; Mrs. Castle thinks it should be "No," and that the horticultural industry should re-orientate itself to get along without protection from foreign imports.

This view seems based upon a misunderstanding of the nature of market gardening, and failure to disentangle horticulture from farming. The true market garden is a small holding of, say, between 2 and 10 acres, with the distinguishing characteristic that two and sometimes even three, crops are taken from the same ground in a year; that the crops receive heat or protection, if not all the time, at least during the early stages of growth; and finally that all operations are highly integrated. The horticultural industry cannot, in practice, be broken down into a vegetable section, a fruit section, a flower section and hothouse section. The typical holding will extend over all sections. Vegetables and salad crops will rotate with flowers and annual fruits (e.g., early strawberries). The hothouse, after growing tomatoes or cucumbers in the summer may be turned over to chrysanthemums in the winter and used for propagation in the Spring.

Top fruit and perennial soft fruit should not rank as market garden crops but as farm crops. The market gardener may grow them as a side-line, because they can be grown economically on a small scale, but when he does so he is really invading the sphere of the farmer. The position with vegetables and salad crops is different. They, too, are essentially farm crops and most of them do yield to the economies of large-scale production. But by employing his particular facilities the market gardener can produce them, though expensively, either early or right out of season. That, together with the provision of flowers and wholly hothouse products like cucumbers, is his real service to the community. It is not an essential service. We *could* do without flowers except in summer. We *could* get along entirely on farm-grown vegetables. In any normal year there will always be some fresh farm vegetables available, even if it is only Brussels-sprouts. If the public would limit themselves to these, forgo lettuce before May, tomatoes except between August and October and cucumbers completely, they could reduce their greengrocers' bills. Patience is all that is needed to reduce the family budget, to eliminate the need for imports and to put most of the market gardeners out of business.

But the public are their own executioners. They want flowers all the year round; they demand changes of vegetable that nature unaided cannot provide; they eat salads out of season and they hanker after cucumbers. So long as concessions are made to impatience and the desire for variety which I believe to stem from gastronomic urges of a fundamental nature, the smallholder has survival value, the high cost of his activity notwithstanding. Mrs. Castle quotes the cost of producing broccoli as 2d. per head, but this is a farm cost and not a market garden cost. Broccoli occupies the ground for the whole growing season and turns in about 12,000 marketable head per acre, so that 2d. per head works out at £100 per acre per annum. This is well off-scale for market gardening, the cost of which may be as much as £400 per acre per annum, owing to the amount of labour involved.

Naturally the smallholder cannot compete with the farmer, and he avoids overlapping farm crops as far as he can. A glut of home production will not, generally, affect him nearly so much as a glut of imports when he is supplying the off-season market. It is here that he needs protection if off-season production is to continue at all. And the protection must not be unduly discriminating, or his integration will be destroyed and his efficiency reduced. It is no good keeping half of him alive.

Patrixbourne, Kent. R. L. C. FOOTTIT

SIR,—In your last two issues the term "feather bedded" has been quoted both for farmers and market gardeners. There is, in fact, a world of difference between these two types of agriculture. May I make the difference clear?

Growers (which includes market gardeners, fruit, flower and glasshouse-crop growers) have to carry the same increased costs as farmers, but they get no guaranteed prices, no guaranteed markets, no rebates, subsidies, bonuses or grants. They have no control over the prices they get except their own skill in growing and luck in catching a "short" market.

If a crop does not pay, they stop growing it. That is why 18,000 fewer acres are being grown to vegetables this year, and helps to explain why housewives are having to pay more for vegetables than they did a year ago. It also helps to explain why, for the first time since 1939, many orchards have this year been allowed to go derelict.

There are various reasons why a grower may fail to recover his costs of production. The most important is weather which produces a glut. Growers are prepared to accept this as a risk of their calling.

Another reason why growers abandon a crop is unregulated imports. A grower may time his crop to mature when the import quota comes to an end—only to find the quota suddenly extended. The arrival of his consignment at the market may coincide with a shipload of imports—and down goes his price.

The present "cat and mouse" system of allowing imports by quota infuriates both the foreign and home grower. Its final result will be to increase the prices of vegetables instead of levelling prices out. Thus, Mrs. Castle mentions that imported broccoli is dearer than Cornish broccoli. True enough. During the past five years the area devoted to broccoli in Cornwall has steadily declined. The crop does not pay. Naturally, the tendency is for more and more to be imported. So housewives are having to pay higher prices for broccoli and home supplies decrease.

Mrs. Castle argues that if the import tariff were raised, English tomatoes would cost 3s. 6d. a lb. in May and June; whereas if we relied on imports for these two months, the price would be only 1s. 9d.

At the end of May this year Dutch tomato growers were receiving 2s. to 2s. 6d. a pound in London; English growers 2s. to 2s. 9d. What on earth makes Mrs. Castle imagine that, without English competition, the highly organised Dutch growers would kindly reduce their prices?

Healthy competition from abroad is necessary to protect our consumers, but importers need healthy competition from British growers to the same end.

The measure proposed by growers, through the National Farmers' Union, is to abolish quotas and to adjust the present tariffs so that when supplies are short imports are encouraged and when supplies are heavy imports are discouraged. LEO CONDON,

The Grower, *Editor.*

Doughty Street, W.C.1.

INDIAN ELECTION

SIR,—In the article on the Indian Elections in issue of December 8, your contributor makes a series of statements on the programme and policy of the Communist Party of India which calls for some correction.

On the key question of land reform he reviews the policy of each party in turn, and states that the Indian Socialist Party "stands for the abolition of the zamindars without compensation" while the Communist Party of India "indulges in violent abuse of Congress." It would be difficult for readers to gather from this that the Programme of the C.P.I., which has fought in the forefront for the expropriation of the big landlords long before the Socialist Party existed, has put forward a very detailed positive constructive programme for land reform.

He states that "Communist criticism must be judged by the party's own failure in Telengana." Whatever the opinions on the peasants' struggle and seizure of the landlords' land in Telengana, it is recognised by political observers of all viewpoints that this peasant seizure of the land in Telengana, a considerable part of which has still been maintained, has been a spearhead in forcing to the forefront the question of confiscating the landlords' land throughout India.

In contrast to the "failure in Telengana" he emphasises the one-man mission of A. V. Bhave "to distribute 50 million acres to the landless by persuading zamindars voluntarily to surrender plots of their land" as the "dramatic" expression compelling attention to land redistribution ("Bhave's mission is not one that any candidate can afford to ignore"). He omits to mention that Bhave has himself made clear that it was the example of Telengana and his visit to Telengana six months ago which led him to undertake his mission in order to prevent land redistribution by violence, i.e., in order to protect the landlords' "rights" from peasant action, and that the response has been ludicrously minute. Landlords remain landlords even in India.

He states that "the Communists make no secret that they want to see India travel the Moscow-Peking road." The recently published "Statement of Policy of the Communist Party of India" lays down specifically that the path for India which they advocate is "a path which we do not and cannot name as either Russian or Chinese."

Anti-Communist partisanship may be inevitable in your contributor, although it is a very unsafe guide to judge the situation, especially in Asiatic countries; but partisanship should not justify inaccuracy.

R. PALME DUTT

ATOMIC DISARMAMENT

SIR,—The present discussions between the Great Powers on disarmament and the control of atomic energy have once again quickened the hopes of people everywhere that agreement may be reached and the threat of a third world war removed.

The possibility now exists for the deadlock on atomic control to be broken if both sides show a readiness to reach a compromise solution.

The position would be transformed if the Western Powers would agree to modify that part of the United Nations' plan that calls for international "ownership or managerial control" of all large-scale atomic establishments. We in Britain should well understand the Russian reservations on this part of the plan; our own refusal to become fully associated with the Schuman plan for iron and steel is based on similar considerations.

Although it might facilitate control, it can scarcely be held that international ownership is essential to a practical system of effective control; there seems little doubt that a practical system of control could be established without it. On the other hand we suggest that in return for the Western Powers dropping the international ownership provisions, the Soviet Government should be asked to strengthen their proposals for inspection, by agreeing to the principle of continuous inspection of atomic energy activities with resident inspectors.

In view of the geographical position of this country it is earnestly hoped that no opportunity will be missed by the Government to arrive at a compromise solution along the lines suggested.

F. G. GREGORY, *Chairman*,
Provisional Committee, Science for Peace

SOIL AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—The prize of half-a-guinea payable to the winner's favourite charity, which I set aside for the first person to call me a *mystic* after publication of the above, goes to Mr. H. D. Walston of Cambridge. Shall I send it to the Indigent Fertiliser Manufacturers' Benevolent Fund? For the benefit of readers who may have missed Mr. Walston's point, *mystic*, like *peace*, is a dirty word.

The handling of living things requires a certain kind of tact, best acquired when young and from one already adept: this isn't mysticism, but sense. Soil is alive and the peasant knows it. The industrialist does not, so he kills it.

I daresay soil erosion is bad in Bulgaria: mountain soils are always precarious and Bulgaria has been tilled for some thousands of years. Of the soil erosion in East Africa to which Mr. Walston refers, C. V. Jacks and R. O. Whyte, in their survey (*The Rape of the Earth*) place the responsibility squarely on European shoulders: *assartage*, the peasant's primitive shifting tillage, does not destroy soil. The introduction of European methods has done, in a century, more damage than native agriculture did in a hundred centuries. I refer Mr. Walston to Chapter XX of the work quoted. His example seems to be peculiarly ill-chosen.

East Anglia is not the only region of N.W. Europe more fertile to-day than ever. It has been cultivated by peasants for, say, 2,500 years; its present farmers *are* farmers . . . men with a sense of belonging to the soil and of responsibility to it. A peasant does not cease to be a peasant because he uses a tractor and a combine, and takes his wife to France for the holidays.

Here is one of a hundred comparative cases: the *chernozem* soils of the Ukraine and Crimea have been tilled for at least 4,000 years. Yet Jacks and Whyte found that soil exhaustion and erosion problems are almost unknown there. These soils, worked by peasants, have been feeding men for forty centuries: among others they fed Pericles and his contemporaries, Plato and Socrates. The structurally and ecologically very similar soils of the U.S. Middle West have been ruined almost beyond recovery over an area of nearly seven States in *less than one hundred years* . . . by industrialised agriculture in the hands of men so far from being peasants that the ambition of most of them was to get rich and get out . . . and they did: hence the Dust Bowl.

EDWARD HYAMS

THE LEVIATHAN

SIR,—Mr. Trevor-Roper, than whom nobody can be more illuminating when he knows what he is talking about, seems to have fallen sadly below form in his article on Hobbes and his critics. I can only assume from his remarks that he has never read the Leviathan, and that he relies entirely on the claims of Hobbes' opponents in concluding that the monster is dead.

I am sorry to say that this is very far from being the case, and in spite of all the anglers who claim to have landed it, the creature is still very much alive. Perhaps it has not been observed so far up the Thames as Oxford, but many people report having seen it in the neighbourhood of Waterloo Bridge. The Leviathan is very elusive, and the strange assortment of objects which Hobbes' critics dragged out of the mire, proudly claiming to have hooked the monster, only go to prove what a formidable job it is to tackle Hobbes.

Mr. Trevor-Roper says that Locke did not think it worthwhile to mention the decomposing carcase of the Leviathan as the source of his Social Contract, and preferred Filmer to Hobbes as his adversary. In fact, Locke did not get the idea of the Social Contract from Hobbes at all, and he was far too prudent a man to try to land the Leviathan. He knew he would be dragged under in the attempt, and so he wisely picked on much smaller fry.

It is true that after 1660 the mood of Englishmen changed from gloom to optimism, and that in the succeeding centuries Locke's writings had a far greater influence on affairs than anything Hobbes wrote, but this did not mean that the Leviathan was dead. On the contrary, though it kept beneath the surface most of the time, it remained far more significant from the point of view of political philosophy than anything Locke ever thought of. We have now reached the stage when Locke's work is a decomposing carcase, while the full significance of the Leviathan is at last emerging.

It seems to me that Hobbes deserves far more attention than he usually receives, since his masterpiece stands comparison with the greatest works of political philosophy, and certainly Mr. Trevor-Roper's casual approach is quite inadequate for the matter he tackles. DONALD HEBER

39 Town End, Caterham.

Books in General

THE vindication of Henry James is now complete. His fame, always sustained in England and America by a minority which was never affected by the "vastation" caused by Wells's *Boon*, has now been thoroughly retrieved by a sound and brilliant group of American critics, from the sulks and moral disapproval of injured patriotism. Those Americans who still feel that, can console themselves with the reflection that James was an early example of American cultural Imperialism, and when one finds in an excellent new book* on Henry James the statement that his prose style is the "most remarkable" in English since the seventeenth century, one has the alarmed apprehension that the Jamesian ceremony of parenthesis really was a kind of undermining from within. Art, as Mr. Dupee says, was James's form of glory, bounty and power. James's exile began when he was born into the James family, not when he settled in Europe and although, in his role as highly self-conscious artist, he was unique among Anglo-Saxon novelists, he was prophetic of our present self-conscious phase of civilisation. His upbringing in the James family was, as Mr. Dupee says, one of those unsparing "experiments based on wealth," which fitted him for his task of specialisation. That in itself made him a modern man. For a generation subjected to propaganda he establishes the right of sensibility to be the moral historian of a period, simply because it will directly experience the pleasure, the excellence, the corruption, the terrors and betrayals —simply because sensibility records the cost.

But here we reach a danger. Admiration of Henry James has reached the point when the critic is apt to read more into him than there really is. Let us think of an example which Mr. Dupee himself notes. In a characteristically personal essay on the religion of Henry James, Mr. Graham Greene detected a possible Roman Catholic drift. He pointed to a belief in supernatural evil, though there was still the lack of a sense of supernatural goodness. But, of course, this was lacking. One must even doubt if James's sense of evil was supernatural at all. James's attitude to evil and horror, like his sense of bounty, was fundamentally aesthetic. He was an artist and a very worldly man. Evil was to be "converted," in the fashion of the James family; for William James, as Mr. Dupee says, it was a pragmatic opportunity to exercise the will; in Henry James it was an opportunity to extend once more the limits of art for the containing of life. The increasing horror of life which James felt was romantic; it was the non-participating horror of the idealist, and did not spring from the religious suffering of a committed martyr. It is important, of course, that James is a writer who ignites suggestions of this kind in the mind. The fineness of his self-communings is also likely to beguile the reader from the fact that his mind triumphs over matter which, on occasions, looks very trivial. Amused, bewildered, or attentive, we listen to the beautiful and strange noises that come from him as he considers people and situations which hardly seem up to his chivalry or his music.

I myself cannot follow Mr. Dupee's belief that *The Awkward Age* is one of the best works of the late period. Surely the people are thin and vague: one has only the most allusive sense of their corruption, when its overpowering vividness is supposed to be the point. There evil sounds like hearsay. Certainly raffish people appal their daughters, but isn't the moment, the crisis of being appalled, the thing for the novelist? James writes as if he had merely heard of evil. Then the whole mutual admiration society is in continuous danger of being admired away and it is doubtful if James's adroitness avoids this. Let us grant—and it is undoubtedly hard for a contemporary critic to grant this—the right of Romance, in Henry James's special meaning of the word, to engage a subject by the feints of euphemism; but then turn to a short story of his like *The Pupil* where a not dissimilar subject is boldly, triumphantly done. There life is sharp, cruel and iridescent. We have "life itself". In *The Awkward Age* we are to have the impression that the people are only related by the fact of James sedulously creeping in and out between them; that the "sense of James" is substituted for the character's sense of their own lives.

Mr. Dupee's book is one of the admirable American Men of Letters series. Now that a great deal of wonderful material about James is available, Mr. Dupee has set out to digest it and to compose a full portrait—though not a *Life*—and a concise critical study. The result is a brilliant piece of dovetailing and spirited judgment; the book is witty, exhilarating to read, and marked by interesting criticism from Mr. Dupee himself. It is a very good book. On the first page the subject is well set in a decided outline:

> He also desired a quite different experience, which may be defined as a feeling for the limits of life. This does not come easily to Americans and it did not come easily to James.

Again, like Whitman and Melville, "he cherished his eternal metaphor of an effable bounty". *Their* bounty was in America and in the future, James's (no less American than theirs) was to be in the sense of the past. He undertook his enterprise with a nature denied physical action or sexual passion, and perhaps to this we owe our impression of not only a solitary human being, but of a static one too. The world is made to stand still so that it can become art, and the passage of time, so consuming to those who are "in life," hardly exists —we suspect—for this writer, who stands outside in the design of his day dream, engrossed in an arabesque made of the nobilities, the ironies and the horrors of a stringent moral sense. Mr. Dupee points out how James loathed the real, as distinct from the idealised, Paris. He hated history to be active, a profound instinct in him which may have dated from the tensions of the Civil War when he was a young man. Here was a moment in Europe in which James found it difficult to "feel to the limit" and Mr. Dupee remarks of his attitude to Flaubert: "Among the inalienable rights of man never quite recognised by the James family is the right to be unhappy". The "experiment founded on wealth" did not really allow for the acceptance of that, for the elder James had taught his children to convert losses into gains and compensations. James, who went to great lengths to turn his own personality into a remarkable work of art, seems to have felt that the French naturalists might have done the same; or if that were not possible, then surely there was the deep shelter, the heaven-sent guidance of the conventions. Flaubert need not have been undignified *and* noisy. What Mr. Dupee calls James's "flagrant decorum" seemed to turn too often into self-parody, and to be one more wall round "the great good place" in which he would be safe from "life, vulgar life"; it was almost what in Europe we often think of as a characteristic device for imposing an American idea of Europe; and yet, as Mr. Dupee says, in James this decorum which he had inherited from his mother, was at its best part of the chivalrous side of his nature.

The account of James's development stage by stage as a novelist is very well handled in this book, both in its many asides to the chief critics, and in its own opinions. Of the early *Roderick Hudson*, where the expatriate artist is shown behaving with wild turbulence, Mr. Dupee says that James was being "romantic about romanticism." He quickly got out of that phase. Of the dominant part given to women in the novels, Mr. Dupee notes this sprang from his "exceptional identification with the feminine mind, which had probably originated in his childhood relation with his mother," and American conditions at that time conspired with him, for America was a "society of women in a world of men". But against Gide's protest that James's characters were simply "winged busts" who were confined to the mundane and indeed very feminine interest of no more than their relation with each other, Mr. Dupee rightly bursts out: "It is just in their mundane relations that they live so bravely and are so little mundane". We have only to think of *The Portrait of a Lady* or *The Wings of a Dove*. Gide's remark is mad, but we know why it is made, because one is so often, as one reads, about to say the same thing: convention, sexual passivity, some failure in the blatant passions that commit us to life, make some characters and situations dim, as we feel about Mrs. Brookenham in *The Awkward Age*.

Under James's feeling "unique among novelists, for the conventional," lay the whole question of his attitude to individual freedom. It was conservative and worldly, on one level:

> He is sceptical of rights and even more of personality, a word he could never use without enclosing it in quotation marks. . . . As distinguished from the individuality of a Newman, an Isabel or a Ralph Touchett, personality is aggressive, self-seeking in the cruder sense; it is perverse in Mme Merle, touching in the Countess Gemini, funny in Henrietta [Stackpoole]. It is the too easy resource of those suffering from the dread of insignificance.

Henry James is as sceptical in his enquiries into the valued American quality of innocence:

> The natural probity of the Wentworths is winning if narrow; that of Daisy Miller is winning but fatal. Only in the more heroic Americans are innocence, freedom and individuality fully and positively present. In them the native zest for life is qualified by a feeling for life's limitations, a feeling for James associated with the European mind. And what he seems to be saying is that one's conscious-

* *Henry James*. By F. W. DUPEE. *Methuen*. 15s.

ness of belonging to a given race or political group, or of contributing to some Utopian future, is insufficient reason for one's asserting a primal innocence and freedom. These, James would maintain, are qualities of the individual, to be earned and enjoyed by him in that capacity.

It is this stress on the private individual, quite as much as his Balzacian rendering of a money-corrupted and cracking society, which has brought Henry James back. The crack-up, the wars, the revolutions, the reforms, the precarious new societies of our times, have driven one part of our minds to the counting of losses, the estimate of the price that ought to be paid. As for nostalgia and harking back—by his personal deficiencies, Henry James unconsciously succeeded in making his rich, idle world singularly pleasureless. It is a sea without tide, its leisure is enervating, gold weighs upon it not like glory but like lead. Only the presence of the artist himself, a soft trembling octopus who imagines himself out of sight as he floats from one glittering point to the next, redeems a way of life which, of itself, would bore and distress us like the counterfeit in a mirror. It is he, revolutionary and regardless in his means, the most self-expository of modern writers, the most engaging and instructive, whom we watch. In all that society, his is the most extraordinary case of all.

V. S. PRITCHETT

UNAWARE

Strange the pulsing life asleep,
Fallen asleep: that flower and tree
Whose beauty aches in us should yet
Themselves unsuffering be—
Passion with us for their heyday and soon their dying
No more can share
Than these cold abstracts neither asleep nor awake,
Sapless table and chair.

Strange, of a truth; but yet more strange
This moon-clear mask where the absent mind
No music sends to ear grown deaf,
Image to eye grown blind,
No more to them of the lucent groves where it wanders
Telling the grace
Than to me, as I watch by the feelingless bedstead
The fair motionless face.

G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

FOOTNOTE TO GENESIS II, 19-20

There is no word for bird in the bird's diction,
For man himself has improvised their songs, and man
From his lantern eye, clicked at a flicker of movement,
Projects and colours feather and fantail, tauny and tan.

Or roosts his dreams in the steamy thatch of the rushes,
Sends begging migrant wishes that hesitate on the eaves;
Buttons the bushes with eyes of spink and linnet
That catch a gleam of his own in the dark green doubt of the leaves.

Yet eyes are there already that he's not invented;
Throstles disregard him in whistles he never can
Learn even to hear. In the avian evening, creatures
That are what man means by bird have their own word for man.

NORMAN NICHOLSON

IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY

The Shelbourne. By ELIZABETH BOWEN. *Harrap.* 15s.

Nothing is more characteristic of Dublin than the muster-roll of its hotels. Jurys, Powers, Russells, Buswells, Gresham, Hibernian and Shelbourne. How much more individual and warming to the stranger than the colourless Grands, Royals and Imperials which perform their efficient but impersonal function in the average city. It has always been personality that counted in Dublin, and it is the Shelbourne's pride that it has remained a family concern for more than a century. The great Mrs. Jury of the frontispiece used to keep an eye on her guests and her staff no less sharp than old Frau Sacher's in Vienna. Dublin's best restaurant is a family affair, too—legacy of the French chef who realised what could be done with Irish food, and stayed behind to do it when his reign in the vice-regal kitchens was over. Jammet and the Shelbourne stand unashamedly for the grand traditions of comfort, and when concessions to the new generation must be made it is with discretion and a little reluctantly that they are allowed. The Shelbourne must have been the last hotel in Europe to yield to the demands for a cocktail bar. But its bar is no narrow, huddled, chromium-and-glass affair; a spacious Georgian room, with mahogany double doors and the elegant plaster medallions so characteristic of eighteenth-century Dublin, endows cocktail drinking there with all the decencies of the good old Irish custom of dispense. And surely it is almost the last hotel where a three-piece orchestra still plays in the drawing-room from tea till dinner, sticking happily to Puccini, Sullivan, and *Tea for Two* when the rest of the world has long passed from the jazz age into swing. I miss those three gallant ladies from Miss Bowen's book, musicians as splendidly 'period' as the rose shades and gilt mirrors of their Edwardian setting. I miss the blue-eyed perky pages in the entrance hall, too.

Miss Bowen makes the Shelbourne the focal point of her picture of a hundred years of social life in Dublin, but the lens is not always sharp and her outlines are a little blurred. The permanent, intimate, makeshift and well-documented life of the Irish country-house, which she can recreate so well, somehow eludes her in the well-dressed shifting throng of these vast rooms and wide corridors—where the only record is an entry and date in the register.

> In this majestic drawing-room genius as well as fashion has held its court—Yeats, here, sat reading his poems aloud to friends. The Coffee-room rings, and has rung, with grand racy talk. Through the Hall flow and have flowed prelates, peers, politicians, sportsmen, soldiers, tourists, journalists, financiers, athletes, æsthetes, diplomats, debutantes, dramatists, and all the rest of us. In the pageant of figures the sea of faces, to-day and yesterday merge.

There is the grand style, and the alliterative catalogue (if long) is impressive; but, oh! to catch a few individual features in that sea of faces, to overhear a word or two of the racy talk. One hears plenty of it from George Moore and Gogarty, and those fluttering debutantes dressing for presentation at the Castle—how they come alive, for instance, in Lady Fingall's vivid reminiscences. And who are all the rest? Is the sportsman Bay Middleton on his way to hunt with the Empress Elizabeth in Kildare? Is some foreign prelate off to dine with witty Mahaffy at the Provost's Lodgings? Has the æsthete come over for one of Sarah Purser's legendary 'first Thursdays' at Mespil House? Or is Lady Lavery arriving by the boat train, when Eire bank notes were in the making and Tim Healy was reviving the brief glories of the Viceregal Lodge?

I have heard Yeats chant his poems, but never in the Shelbourne lounge. From its windows he was to be seen often enough emerging from the Arts Club or, in later years, making his way down Kildare Street with some pride to join Mr. Berjeman's Irish peers in their fantastic Gothic club. There was George Moore round the corner in Ely Place (though it seems hardly necessary for Miss Bowen to warn *her* readers not to confuse him with Tom). Lady Gregory might be up from Gort, in her country boots, to control the Abbey or fight the battle of the lost Lane pictures. And that gallery in Harcourt Street, where some of us up from the provinces, too, caught our first sight of a Degas and a Manet—before an angry, but regretted, impulse on Lane's part sent them across to the Tate. Then there was hunting in the bookshops and antique shops, for no one will ever know the real pleasures and rewards of junking who has not junked on the Liffey Quays. Or back to yet earlier memories, when a visit to the Shelbourne meant shopping in Grafton Street and tea at Mitchell's after a visit to the Zoo.

Miss Bowen asks those who have known the place for a lifetime to piece out her imperfections with their mind; she offers us an outline to colour in.

> Gay days at once ephemeral and immortal. They have a pulse of their own, and a golden mist round them which it is hard to capture in cold words—they should be lived, not written about.

Yes—days before the Civic Garda had replaced the helmeted D.M.P.; before streets and public conveniences were labelled in incomprehensible Erse; when George the Second bestrode his horse in Stephen's Green and Queen Victoria still reigned—in bronze—without offence in front of Leinster House. *Quantum mutatus ab illo.* But the Shelbourne remains, risen out of the golden mist, to remind us of the [illegible] which was once the most elegant, the most intelligent, and the least provincial capital in the world.

JOHN BRYSON

THE STRANGE TRIANGLE

The Nun of Lebanon. By IAN BRUCE. *Collins.* 21s.

We have all got ancestors. But few of us have the kind who were both acquisitive and static and had perpetual garret-room in which to store trunks full of letters of generations. The Bruce family were an exception. They were aware, throughout the nineteenth century, that their forebear Michael (born in 1787) had had dealings with Hester Stanhope and Lavalette, Ney and Napoleon. They sustained a legend that his papers were interesting, and denied them to several collectors and authors who wrote for them; but they made no use of them. So it happens that Ian Bruce, Michael's great grandson, is the first to perform the major job of sorting and reading the papers. He has been well rewarded. Not only were the Bruces at the receiving end of the correspondence from a number of famous people. They also, in the generation of Michael's father, kept letter-books and copies of all their more important outgoing letters. A singularly complete picture of events has therefore been preserved for our generation.

Brigadier Bruce wanted to avoid writing "one more book" on Lady Hester Stanhope. "I have tried to keep the lady in her place, and to deal with the material so that she plays her role in what was a very long and important episode in Michael's life." But she is too much for him. She was always a bully, and comes romping across the years to defeat his purpose. Michael helps, for he was, though a dashing character, a weak one. The two dominant figures in the book are Hester and Michael's father, Patrick Craufurd Bruce.

Craufurd Bruce was a Scot and a nabob. He had made a good deal of money in Bombay, and liked spending it on projects of substance. He bought two handsome houses, and dabbled in the market for constituencies. Finding, however, that he had not much personal taste for politics, he transferred his parliamentary ambitions to his son Michael, and as a preliminary treated him to the Grand Tour which led to his affair with Lady Hester. Their liaison produced during the three years of its duration the extraordinary triangular correspondence between father, son and son's mistress that is the pith of this book. As a revelation of the quirks of human nature, and of

the fluctuating impulses that spring from major emotions such as love, vanity, ambition, family pride and even patriotism, it can have few parallels. Hester and Craufurd were drawn together, despite the scandal of the liaison, by a common intent to reform Michael and make him famous. They never met, but conducted an odd long-range *tête-à-tête*. In the end, she was to cost him a pretty penny, but he seems to have figured that she earned at least some of the money, for as Pitt's niece and a descendant of the "exquisitely elegant" Lord Chesterfield, she had much to give a would-be politician in the way of breeding and experience. It was scarcely her fault if Michael did not heed her lectures and continued to "figure and fly about in the Valet-de-Chambre way I detest."

Much of Hester's correspondence has by chance been preserved elsewhere, and she has figured so often in contemporary memoirs and books of travel that most of her features are familiar. Nevertheless, the letters fill in new details. There are plentiful samples of her standards and her incisive style. "You know he was once Dutch Consul at Jaffa and knows all the bow and scrape necessary to hand Coffee and amuse a *bore*". Further, the letters cover her least known years. Before she left England in 1810, there were numberless eyewitnesses of her doings; after 1831, when the conquest of Syria by Egypt rendered travel in the Levant safe, and a commonplace, her retreat was visited by tourists such as Kinglake, Warburton and Lamartine. Her youth and her old age have therefore been much described, but relatively few people who could read and write saw her in Syria in her prime. The letters also throw some new light upon why she chose the Levant for her destination: "My original plan in coming to this country was to procure a very just idea of the Arab character, their customs and their power; the latter I have always considered as important relative to our Indian possessions"; and: "The Wahabees also who the Pasha of Egypt is making war against is another people well worth attention". Many files in the Foreign Office must bear her out. Various references to Napoleon's spies further suggest that she chose her site out of a longing to retain some of the influence upon British policy which she had had, or thought herself to have, when she sat at the head of Pitt's table.

Brigadier Bruce is to be congratulated on more than the good fortune that brought the letters into his possession. His selection from them is excellent, and is extremely well arranged; but he must face a charge of inattention to detail. The letters are full of mentions of well-known people, often denoted only by initials, some of whom he identifies wrongly, and too many of whom he does not recognise. A very little more reading of books on his period, or a little more consultation with some authority upon it, would have enabled him to fill his gaps and to correct errors such as "Mapina" for Masséna, "Hawerbury" for Hawkesbury, and a guess at the wrong Lady Hertford. For some of the mistakes his publisher must take a share of the blame. The spelling of the letters has quite rightly been preserved, but is no excuse for spelling vagaries in the author's own text, in which Sidon is spelt in three ways and Hester's "Wahabees" are at one point battered out of recognition into Wayabys. The bibliography does not include all the useful books referred to in the text, and the index also is very defective; one entry lists two men of the same name as one, and another lists a man with two names partly under one and partly under the other, without a cross-reference. If Brigadier Bruce has, as he indicates, enough material for a second book, he must correct these failings. Otherwise he will madden scholars and fail to do the great service that he is in a position to do to the common reader.

ELIZABETH MONROE

DIVING INTO MELVILLE

The Spirit Above the Dust: A STUDY OF HERMAN MELVILLE. By RONALD MASON. *Lehmann.* 18s.

Melville's Early Life and "Redburn." By WILLIAM H. GILMAN. *New York University Press.* $5.

Until our generation, which has floodlit him, Melville has been treated much like a building whose architectural style is out of fashion. Portico and pediment—*Moby Dick* and *Billy Budd*—appealed first to the knowing eye, but only recently has the rest of the structure claimed attention, when hitherto one shrugged it off. Perhaps we are now about to overpraise him, and suggest—as Mr. Mason does—that Melville is important not in spite of his defects but even because of them. Yet, on the evidence of Mr. Mason's and Mr. Gilman's excellent studies, Melville does merit our serious attention. Like Blake, to whom he is likened by Mr. Mason, Melville speaks to us out of his time (out of his time in a double sense) so powerfully that we gladly accept the chaos of his thoughts for the sake of their rich intensity. Contrast, for example, Melville's long poem *Clarel* with Clough's *Amours de Voyage*. Clough is witty, nimble, plaintive: Melville is serious, clumsy, often boring, but of unmistakably heavier calibre. It is time we got to know him better, and Mr. Mason is to be highly recommended as a guide.

This is not to slight Mr. Gilman, who in comparing Melville's early life with its fictional parallel *Redburn*, shows in fascinating detail that the two are by no means the same thing. What a relief it is to be reminded that the creative process is not to be explained away in terms of an author's laundry bills (and, incidentally, to discover that despite the oppressive lady in *Pierre*, Melville's mother seems to have had far less in common with Hedda Gabler than with the housewife in *Brief Encounter*). Mr. Gilman has done a valuable, scholarly job. Mr. Mason's book, however, since it attempts a wider survey, will naturally have a wider appeal. Perhaps it is not quite as good as Newton Arvin's superb biography of Melville. Now and then, Mr. Mason is a little wordy; he underlines his point as one must in a lecture but need not on the printed page. Occasionally, too, his comments on the American scene might be thought inexact (as in the implication, possibly unintended, that Whitman was a prominent literary figure in 1846, a year in which he was merely a commonplace newspaperman who had written a bad temperance novel). But such blemishes are trivial, and this book was not rendered unnecessary by Mr. Arvin's, for it differs somewhat in approach and in its conclusions.

While he has read most of the useful books on Melville, like D. H. Lawrence (in *Studies in Classic American Literature*) Mr. Mason has gone to the author rather than to someone else's criticism of the author. But Lawrence badgered and belaboured his victims without mercy, whereas Mr. Mason views Melville without any prejudice save that of affection. The result is a study that is fresh, sensitive and coherent. It makes no pretence at encyclopaedic completeness; not all of Melville's short stories are discussed, and only a fraction of his poems. Nor does Mr. Mason offer any startlingly new picture of Melville. Its general theme, that of Melville's intellectual voyaging from uncertainty to despair, thence to despondency, to resignation and eventually to tranquillity, has been established by others. The value of the book lies in its close, acute comment and in the clarity with which the main theme is developed and codified. At each stage of Melville's painful passage from innocence to experience, Mr. Mason is ready with an analysis not only of his subject's thought-processes, but also of the vocabulary in which they are stated. "I love all men that *dive*," wrote Melville in a characteristic sea-image, ". . . the whole corps of intellectual thought-divers that have been diving and coming up again with bloodshot eyes since the world began". Lawrence dived into his American authors and came up with bits of himself; Mr. Mason has dived and come up with eyes not noticeably bloodshot but with a very satisfying version of Melville.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

NEW NOVELS

Mittee. By DAPHNE ROOKE. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Pedigree of Honey. By NORAH C. JAMES. *Macdonald.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Lucy Carmichael. By MARGARET KENNEDY. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Mouse is Born. By ANITA LOOS. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I am no Empire Crusader, but it has always astonished me that the Dominions should have produced so few major novelists. All the material for epic is there, surely—yet somehow the Great Novel of the Bush (or the Veldt, or the Prairie) has failed to materialise. I wonder why. . . . Take, for example, the history of the Transvaal, from the days of the Great Trek up to the Boer War: a promising enough theme, one would have thought, and some good novelists have attempted it; but their approach has tended to be timid and over-cautious—"they use the snaffle and the curb all right" (as Roy Campbell said), "but where's the bloody horse?"

I don't think *Mittee* can be called an epic, or even a very important novel (the horse seems still, alas, to be missing); but it is an unusually interesting and well-written story about a Transvaal community in the eighteen-nineties (not the seventies, as the blurb incorrectly states). The narrator is a half-caste girl, servant to the passionate and charming Mittee, an orphan who has inherited a small property. Selina, the half-caste, is seduced by the man to whom Mittee is engaged; the marriage takes place, but Paul Du Plessis is tortured by guilt, not only for his sexual irregularity, but for a murder committed as a direct consequence of it. Like Macbeth, Paul is driven by his initial crime into one orgy of violence after another; Mittee falls in love with an English missionary, and at last, in the turmoil of the Boer War, runs away with him. Rape, murder, incest, abortion and flagellation abound throughout this turbulent and extraordinary chronicle; the life of the Boer community—tribal, patriarchal, fiercely inhibited—suggests a curious mixture of Beowulf and the Old Testament. Selina herself is an odd but quite credible mixture of insane malice and passionate generosity; her narrative style is a good deal less plausible than that of Nellie Dean in *Wuthering Heights*, yet Miss Rooke manages, on the whole, to make the convention acceptable, and one's disbelief is not too unwillingly suspended. There are flashes of a rather grim, fantastic humour, and plenty of purple patches (only occasionally do these fail to seem convincing—as, for instance, when Selina dances naked before her master, in order to restrain him from beating his wife). Miss Rooke's prose, at its best, has a singing, ballad-like quality—and indeed, the whole book has somewhat the air of a ballad crooned over a camp-fire before an audience to whom the facts of the story are pre-

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sumably known already; it is this quality, perhaps, which accounts for a certain flatness, a failure to "build up" the climaxes sufficiently; yet one is lulled (or at least I was) by Miss Rooke's bardic incantation into accepting the innumerable deaths, floggings, seductions, etc., with a sense of their organic necessity, as one accepts the fantastic yet internally consistent logic of a fairy-tale. The final impression left by the book is not, oddly enough, one of horror and bloodshed, but rather of an enormous and primitive sadness, the sadness of the veldt itself:

> We sang sadly, though we did not know what sadness was. The sun went down and shadows hung on the mountain, so thick you felt you could cut a dress from them. . . . I stayed beside the water-fall, for always this is the precious time for me when the horizon shines like water and the night wind goes through the grass. Then, grand prayers flowed through my soul and God bent towards me. . . .

Back from the world of *stoeps* and *kopjes* to cosy middle-class England—Mumsie and the Pater, Derry and Toms, sensitive adolescence:

> Life could be so lovely and so beastly too. If only Father would understand a bit more. But he didn't. It made him angry that Tobias wanted to be an artist instead of an engineer. . . .

I may be a beastly Philistine, but I'm afraid I'm inclined to sympathise, in this case, with the Pater; though doubtless the hearts of many readers will go out (and very rightly too) to poor Tobias. Miss James is a very competent story-teller, and *Pedigree of Honey*, cliché-ridden though it is, lasted me agreeably enough through a two-hour train journey. For future editions, though, Miss James should brush up her botany: marsh-mallow is not found in the neighbourhood of beech spinneys, and I've never yet seen a saw-wort which "shone out of a thicket with jewel-like brilliance." (I guess that Miss James means the Greater Knapweed.)

Miss Kennedy is an exceedingly accomplished purveyor of fiction, and, if she has never quite achieved another *Constant Nymph*, her subsequent novels have never fallen far below the standard which she has set herself. One knows her world so well: the nice, cultured (but not *too* cultured) family, with a few raffish intellectuals in the background, and a hearty or two for contrast; all of them presented in a slick, two-dimensional manner which reminds one of the illustrations to a serial story in a woman's magazine. *Lady Carmichael* sticks pretty closely to the familiar pattern; Miss Kennedy's speciality is a kind of wistful, faintly Chekhovian tragi-comedy, and the first part of this book, describing the heroine's abortive marriage, is an admirable example of this: I particularly liked the jilted bride getting rather ghoulishly tight, with her mother and young brother, among the ruins of the wedding breakfast. I was less interested in Lucy's subsequent adventures, and I cannot help feeling that Miss Kennedy would really find the *conte* a more sympathetic form than the full-length novel. Like many another novelist, she has, I suspect, become the victim of the library-public, to whom anything less than 80,000 words is anathema. One sign of this verbal inflation is a tendency to lapse into clichés of "sensibility"—*e.g.*, "A robin whistling in the bloomy autumn dusk could always fill her with delicious melancholy, wood smoke always stirred some indefinable memory, etc., etc." One seems to have heard that robin before; and as for the wood smoke, goodness me, English fiction positively reeks of it. However, I don't want to be captious, and I can honestly say (blinking the smoke out of my eyes) that *Lucy Carmichael* is good, competent entertainment, and that Miss Kennedy has, at times, a very pretty wit.

"Sheer delight"—thus the publisher describes *A Mouse is Born*. I should qualify this by saying that Miss Loos, though still delightful, is less sheer than twenty years ago: there is plenty of fun—I liked, for instance, the bit about Mme Curie, "the eminent Pole who led such an extraordinary Love Life with her own husband and also got herself played by Greer Garson and discovered Radium"—but I think the bad spelling-and-grammar joke is rather played out; and Effie Huntriss is not by any means so divine as the immortal Lorelei.

JOCELYN BROOKE

FUNNIES

The Swiss Family Perelman. By S. J. PERELMAN. *Reinhardt & Evans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The New Yorker Album. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30*s.*

Monster Rally. By CHARLES ADDAMS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

Back to the Slaughterhouse. By RONALD SEARLE. *Macdonald.* 6*s.*

The Treasury of Humorous Quotations. Edited by EVAN ESAR and NICOLAS BENTLEY. *Phoenix House.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When *Crazy Like a Fox* first burst upon the English literary scene in 1945, the effect was immediate and startling. Up till that time, modern American humour had been typified by Benchley and Thurber on the one hand—gentle fuddy-duddies, amiably exploiting their own inadequacies—and the sophisticated satire of Dorothy Parker on the other. Perelman resembled neither side. His was the fast-speaking, ruthless, attacking technique of the East Side street-market salesman crepitating with prejudice, but managing to suggest the whole time a moderate, civilised man driven berserk by the folly of the American scene. He got his effects variously: by parodying the language of advertisements ("Hooray! Hooray for this new taste sensation!"), by examining the odder sorts of journals, by a poker-faced burlesque of the glossy magazines. Technically, Perelman relied on the extravagant metaphor and a great variety of improbable comparisons; but his favourite device, and one which has had a disastrous influence on amateur humorists everywhere, was the catch-phrase treated literally—

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"His long, sensitive fingers, the fingers of a poet and dreamer he had recently acquired at an auction," "All her entrances were timed to the minute, and twice when she spoke a hush fell over the house and had to be removed by the ushers". It was the technique long made familiar by Marx Brothers films (several of which were scripted by Perelman) now down in print for all to quote.

Unfortunately, *Crazy Like a Fox* appears to contain all the best of Perelman. The later books and articles lack its appalling spontaneity: many of them might have been half-hearted imitations. The latest, an account of a trip around the world which he undertook with his wife and two children, is spoiled throughout by a determination to be funny which one feels is no longer natural. He is much at his best in the savage reflections on Dutch colonial rule and an account of their ten days in Hollywood, a subject on which he obviously feels deeply:

> Appetites sharpened to the vanishing point, we betook ourselves to the commissary, passing en route the Irving G. Thalberg Memorial Building, which houses most of the studio's executives and creative spark-plugs. It was in this noble structure, familiarly known as "The Iron Lung," that the memsahib and I had languished throughout a good part of the Thirties, and as our step quickened we caught again the infallible fetor of balderdash, falsity and self-abasement that rises when the mountain labours to bring forth a scenario.

If there were more of this, and less complaining about what seems on the whole to have been an extraordinarily silly venture, *The Swiss Family Perelman* might have been an admirable piece of journalism: as it is, only unswerving fans and family comics in search of new metaphors can be safely advised to try it.

Much of Perelman's writing appeared first in the *New Yorker*, which has now issued its twenty-fifth Anniversary Album, a handsome volume at a fairly handsome price. Few people who have the money and the inclination will be able to resist buying it. As you work your way through the mostly inexplicable cartoons of the Twenties, there is all the rummaging thrill of a minor archaeological expedition in coming across the first Thurber (a poor one), in tracing the line of development shown by Peter Arno and Helen Hokinson, Hoff and William Steig, in observing the fidelity of the *New Yorker* to its pet subjects: the wordly clergyman, the vulpine white-haired banker, the American tourist abroad. The standard was never perhaps as high as the magazine's more frenzied admirers have claimed—the pre-war *Punch*, with David Langdon, Fougasse, Anton and the immortal Pont all contributing was at least as good—but it has remained remarkably consistent in the twenty-five years represented in this book. It is a pity, since the publishers claim it also as a social document, that the editors did not date the drawings more exactly. There must be many for whom the date of the first Charles Addams would call up the most disquieting memories. And in case they want any more of the same sort, Mr. Addams has brought out his own commentary on the way we live, entitled *Monster Rally*. Some of these drawings are of a nastiness which will delight all but those with stomachs; others are more conventional, and the book is frankly dear at the price. This fact is not likely to deter real fans, who presumably spirit them from the bookshops with their prehensile toes while the assistants are being revived in the corner. People with more conventional frames may prefer Ronald Searle's new collection, *Back to the Slaughterhouse*. I myself feel that St. Trinian's is now a little overworked and could be given a holiday for the next year or so; but there are plenty of alternatives in this book, and the quality of the drawings remains as high as ever.

Lastly, *The Treasury of Humorous Quotations*, edited by an American, Mr. Evan Esar, and cautiously revised for English readers by Mr. Nicolas Bentley. This curious work has as its avowed object "to make it a convenient tool for amateur wit-lovers and professional humorists"; its goal is reached by the aid of such humorous sallies as "Don't tell me what you dreamt last night for I've been reading Freud," and a remark by Thomas Mann, "A man's dying is more the survivor's affair than his own." Personally I have a fondness for these hodge-podge collections, and have no wish to cavil at the eccentric terms of reference, though it is a little startling to find "Comparisons are odorous" given as an example of Shakespeare's inferior wit. Whether amateur wit-lovers ought to be let loose on it is, of course, another matter.

FRANK HAUSER

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SHORTER REVIEWS

Rhineland Wineland. By S. F. HALLGARTEN. *Paul Elek.* 21s.

High prices, small vintages and the esotericisms of wine-label Deutsch have given German wines a snobbism otherwise confined to Yquem and Mouton-Rothschild. The English consumer has also to grapple with the multiplication of place names—there are four wine-growing villages named Zeller—the enormous number of growths, and the variations within a single vineyard, where as many as five classes of wine may be made. But Mr. Hallgarten, in the best book on the subject since the war, explains not only how to overcome these difficulties but also indicates many interesting wines obtainable at prices that are moderate, considering that they are bought in over-valued dollar-based marks, and the processes of Rhine wine-making are the most complicated and highly regulated of any still wines. After a discussion on wine production and consumption, the author embarks on a tour of the Palatinate, Rhinehessia, Rhinegau, and the wine tributories of Moselle and Saar. Nor does he forget the wines of Franconia and South Germany, seldom seen in this country. The listing of every growth of any consequence in each commune will assist the amateur to pick his way through the subtle gradations of sites ascending the riverside wine mountains. He will also be able to sort out the distinctions between *Beerenauslese* and *Trockenbeerenauslese* and to discard any communal claims made by the hard-worked Liebfraulmilch.

John Webster. By CLIFFORD LEECH. *Hogarth Press.* 6s.

In his agreeably written book, Mr. Leech suggests the crucial weakness of Webster's lesser writing is present in the major tragedies: those baffling shifts of motive and characterisation so frequent in later Jacobean drama, the result of dramatists writing by the scene, regardless of a total design. It is difficult to follow the sequence of a Webster play, even when seen on the stage for the second or third time. What really puzzles one about *The White Devil* and *The Duchess of Malfi* is their isolation: none of Webster's other plays approach them in power. Mr. Leech's explanation is that the great drama of the period is confined to the first ten or twelve years of the century. It was simply Webster's luck that these two plays came to be written at that oddly propitious time. Granting their context—the sinister splendours of James's court—the case stands or falls by Webster's relation to his contemporaries; but he is compared with them only occasionally, and in the broadest terms. Ford and Middleton, whose genius followed a more natural evolution than Webster's, seem to disprove the assertion. Webster, perhaps, wrote too slowly: notebook in hand, he capitulates, like St. Paul's Athenians, to every "new thing." His real failure seems to lie, not merely in inconsistent characterisation, but in the want of that central vision so essential to the tragic poet. If as dramatist he has been overrated, as poet he stands very high, with his skilled distillation of those strange metaphors that still compel our horror and admiration. Mr. Leech's findings are, in the main, sound; but he makes no reference to the actual structure of Webster's verse or to his distinctive handling of language.

Championship Chess. By M. BOTVINNIK. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 12s. 6d.

A Treasury of British Chess Masterpieces. Ed. F. REINFELD. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

The Brilliant Touch. By W. KORN. *Pitman.* 10s. 6d.

The Chessplayer's Week-end Book. By R. N. COLES. *Pitman.* 12s. 6d.

Chess for Match Players. By WILLIAM WINTER. *Carroll & Nicholson.* 15s.

Botvinnik's account of the great 1941 "match-tournament" (4 games each between the 6 leaders of the initial championship tourney) commands interest not merely for the world champion's thorough annotations of each game but even more so for some fascinating glimpses of his own studious and methodical character. So earnest were his preparations that, being allergic to tobacco-smoke, he insisted on a veritable "smoke-screen" to be laid on during his training games, thus to steel him even for this aspect of the coming ordeal. Anthologies inevitably leave something to be desired by somebody. Reinfeld's collection of 100 British masterpieces has the advantage of historical scope (from 1798 to 1948) and the additionally pleasing touch of some neat and instructive summing-up, preceding each of the more important games. The other two books strive to be entertaining no less than instructive. Neither of them is very well written, but Coles provides a great deal of interesting anecdotal material, and Korn excels not merely by the wealth of "brilliancies" offered but even more so by the fact that most of his 240 positions come from Central-European and U.S.S.R. sources, thereby providing much interesting fare that must be untasted yet, even by the more knowledgeable students of chess in this country. The last is rather more than a revised edition of Mr. Winter's earlier book, published 15 years ago. It is, in fact, practically a new book, brought quite up to date in acquainting the match player with the gist of the more important opening systems. The end-game section too should be useful for the practical player.

Dance to the Piper. By AGNES DE MILLE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 18s

Wherever, like a rare bird, Pavlova alighted she won for her art an esteem and recognition it never had before. Young people dedicated themselves to dancing. "She was an apostle. She had the power of conversion," writes Agnes de Mille, who was one of her converts. To the tradition of the Maryinsky through Pavlova, Diaghilev and Balanchine, have since been added the traditions of the Scandinavians, Jews, Latins, Negroes, Irishmen, and Central Europeans of whom Robeson sang in *Ballad of America*. American dancing, like American painting, literature, films and sculpture (there is no exception) has the blood of all these cultures in its veins, a strange, erratic child whose strength and weakness are reflected in Miss de Mille's ballets and in her autobiography. She grew up in Hollywood, the daughter

of a successful screen-writer and director, the niece of the spectacular Cecil, the grand-daughter on her mother's side of Henry George, the political economist. In the struggle to establish herself she learnt from Martha Graham, Marie Rambert, Anthony Tudor, the Russians and the folk dancers of her own country. She is part product of the vigorous experiment at the Mercury Theatre and Sadler's Wells in the 1930's, an experiment which seems, through her and others, to have influenced American ballet in much the same way as Grierson and the British Documentary Film Movement stimulated documentary films in America and Canada.

CHRISTMAS DIVERSIONS

SOLUTIONS

I.

Digestive Quizzes: A. 1. Ben Jonson. 2. Robert Herrick. 3. David Garrick. 4. Clement Clarke Moore. 5. T. K. Hervey. 6. Charles Dickens. 7. Mrs. Gaskell. 8. Robert Browning. 9. Charlotte Yonge. 10. Anthony Trollope. 11. Charles O. Leland. 12. William Gordon McCabe. 13. T. Watts-Dunton. 14. Andrew Lang. 15. Anthony Trollope. 16. Lewis Carroll. 17. Mrs. Molesworth. 18. Kate Douglas Wiggin. 19. R. L. Stevenson. 20. Mrs. Molesworth. 21. O. Henry. 22. A. Quiller-Couch. 23. Max Beerbohm. 24. A. A. Milne. 25. Feodor Dostoevsky. 26. Stella Gibbons. 27. W. S. Maugham.

B. 1. Jane Austen, *Persuasion*. 2. Washington Irving, *Sketch Book*. 3. T. L. Peacock, *Crotchet Castle*. 4. Charles Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*. 5. Disraeli, *Coningsby*. 6. Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*. 7. George Eliot, *The Mill on the Floss*. 8. Alexander Smith, *Dreamthorp*. 9. Anthony Trollope, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*. 10. Anthony Trollope, *Christmas Day at Kirkby Cottage*. 11. Anthony Trollope, *Christmas at Thompson Hall*. 12. Charlotte Yonge, *Scenes and Characters*. 13. Bret Harte, *Santa Claus at Simpson's Bar*. 14. Dickens, *Edwin Drood*. 15. Thomas Hardy, *Under the Greenwood Tree*. 16. T. Watts-Dunton, *Christmas at the Mermaid*. 17. Charles Reade, *Put Yourself in His Place*. 18. George and Weedon Grossmith, *Diary of a Nobody*. 19. Hugh Walpole, *Jeremy*. 20. Stella Gibbons, *Christmas at Cold Comfort Farm*.

II.

1. Bernard Shaw's. 2. Winston Churchill. 3. R. L. Stevenson. 4. H. G. Wells. 5. J. M. Barrie. 6. Henry S. Salt's. 8. Max Beerbohm. 9. Lewis Carroll. 10. Anthony Trollope.

Triangular Duel: Suppose the probability of B hitting his man is b and that of C to be c.

If A were eliminated and a duel started between B and C in which C got the first shot, the probability p of C's victory is given by $p = c + (1 - c)(1 - b)p$

If C hit A and B got the first shot in such a duel, C's chance would be $(1 - b)p$.

If C fails to hit A then B must try to do so (for A, unhit, would aim at the better shot). The probability that he does so is b and C's chance is then β. The probability that he fails is $1 - b$ and C's chance is c, based on one shot at A.

Hence it is to C's interest not to hit A if

$$bp + (1 - b)c > (1 - b)p$$
$$bp > (1 - b)(p - c)$$
$$bp > (1 - b)^2(1 - c)p$$
$$c > 1 - b(1 - b)^2$$

This *must* be true if $1 < b(1 - b)^2$ i.e. $b > 0.3820$ and *can* be true only if $b > c > 1 - b(1 - b)^2$ i.e. $b > 0.3177$.

The professor knows that b lies between these two figures.

Multiplication Puzzle: B = 1; C = 5; E = 9; I = 6; L = 7; M = 0; N = 3; O = 2; U = 8; W = 4.

Quadruple Acrostic

1.	M	u	s	C	a	T	e	L
2.	A		R	g	A	l	I
3.	R	a		l	w	a	Y	S
4.	T	o	r	T		L	e	T
5.	I	n	d	I	s	p	O	s	B
6.	N	e	C	k	e	R	c	h	e	R

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Competitors are invited to submit the closing words (limit, 150) of a sociological novel whose hero or heroine is an occupational therapist, public relations officer, driving-licence tester, contact man, welfare officer, school dentist or air hostess.

Report by J. B. Roderic

The trouble with quite half the entries was that they were not plausible *endings*—competitors had tried to cram in information which would obviously have emerged far earlier in the novel. This fault spoilt otherwise good entries by Alice B. Gowan and by A. M. Sayers, whose 150 words really constituted a miniature *conte*, complete in itself. Dentists were a popular subject, the vocabulary of the profession apt for all sorts of *double-entendre*. I liked Themiston's macabre little touch "... A pity about Mary, he thought, as he tossed away a handful of tiny milk-teeth (they hardly made a sound as they fell)" and Elaine Morgan's political approach: "For she dreamed of a new society, a society which would no longer poison its system by refusing to part with old, decaying ideas, nor yet sacrifice healthy and deep-rooted faiths for the sake of a glittering set of false ideologies." Of the few contact men the best was Fergie's, addressing the priest from his death bed: "You don't intercess for me. I intercess for you. I know you. I can tell plenty. Or I can put in the good word. Five hundred. Pay Sapphira. I do the rest." Two guineas to E. Bedwell for a brilliant entry: one and a half each to Pat Bullen and Mary Carter, and a guinea to Colin Watson.

DRIVING-LICENCE TESTER

... From pavement across to pavement, the road was crowded with Sunday promenaders. The car came on slowly, breasting with difficulty through the passage-way given by the crowds; occasionally halted by a child standing agape in its path. There was the same tremor of incredulity and amazement that Arthur remembered in the Edwardians seeing their first aeroplanes. But that, he thought with secret exultation, was the gesture of initiation: this, as it were, of valediction. He thought back on the years of obduracy, the verdicts of failure that had become for him like the second language of a hanging-judge. He saw himself, unacknowledged, infinitely beneficent, as the Great Deliverer, taking death from the roads as Ross, say, expunged the lethal menace of equatorial swamps. He walked on—it was his tenth mile—beginning to swear faintly over his aching feet.

E. Bedwell

SCHOOL DENTIST

Derek returned to Fieldhouse. He was disappointed, but not daunted. Although his work with the others had come to this sordid end, that spirit of personal crusade in him would go on, probing, experimenting, conquering.

Here was silence after the argument of these last months: after the journeyings and brief stops in hostile places. He strolled ankle-deep in the untidy grass of home. His nostrils, scenting the rotting garden, dilated with horror at a picture of that other decay allowed to spread evilly at the mercy of the petty ambitions of colleagues.

Suddenly the hills and trees took on the aspect of castles; became for him towers of splendid white strength to whose shining beauty his life was dedicated. And he *would* defend them. Every young tooth should be his weapon against reaction; an armoury of triumph. He would laugh in the very teeth of opposition.

Pat Bullen

"... can you begin again?"

"Ann," despairingly, "in bioprocessiology, life process being continuous, there is no beginning, a change perhaps to a high plane. Matter is indestructible ..."

"Molars, they matter, too?"

"I have a vision of misty ranks of the future, dim children impinging; so many little forms awaiting me to be filled full."

"What of Austin, and that £50,000 a year practice in a south-eastern provincial bourgeois suburb—have you no back thoughts?"

"Let Austin have his swink to him reserved—£600 will suffice us. The school's a life's work, one I can get my teeth into. It's not the filling in, the taking out, no, we go to the root of the matter. A revolution in food. Caries abolished." He spoke dully. "By Cuspid, we drill a channel into the nerve of society."

"Not we." Wearily, facing the UNITED on the door. "I go to Austin." (From *Bloody are the Roots*.)

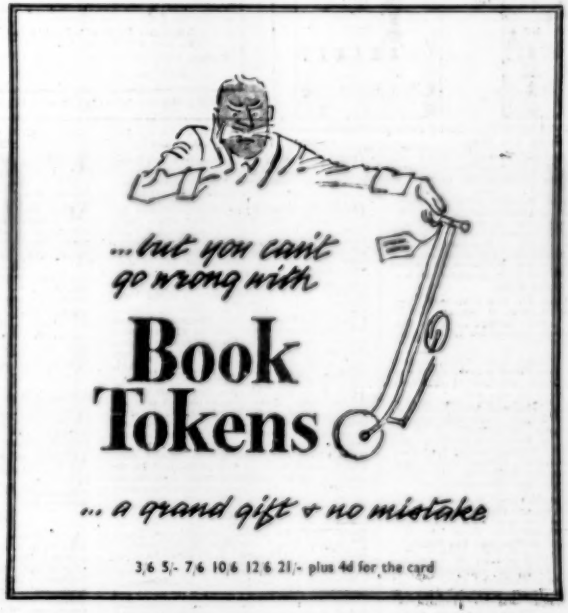
Mary Carter

OCCUPATIONAL THERAPIST

... and from the bleak little waiting room, he looked out upon the silent tracks. Up line. Down line. Past. Future.

One led, he knew, to Craggshanger. At some point towards which those fine grey lines converged his life had exploded. But why? Why?

He closed his eyes and grappled again with the memory. He heard his own voice, pleading, hysterical. "But I said naval models, NAVAL MODELS!"



He saw Dr. Crunkhorn's face, cold and unbelieving. And the row of frightened little girls, each with that terrible mound of plaster of paris, immovable and reproachful, upon her belly . . .

Then, mercifully, he thought of Anne. He opened his eyes—towards the Up line. In the murmur of the approaching train he heard her . . . " but, darling occupational therapy is like our love ; it belongs to the future."

He smiled as he stepped out on the platform. Would there be a loom at St. Austin's, he wondered.

COLIN WATSON

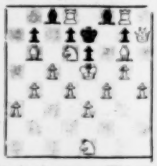
CHESS : Christmas Pie

No. 116

I trust that competitors, unlike little Jack Horner, will find more than one plum to pull out. They should certainly find **A**—White to mate in six—the easiest problem ever composed. It is, indeed, impossible not to solve it, and to rate it one full ladder-point may be even more generous than the offer of

A : Ropke, 1950

B : Napoleão Arthur



2 points for **B**—White to mate in 4 move. This—unlike **A**—may well require a little thought, though probably not quite as much as **C**—White to mate in 1. This little problem seems somehow akin to the sort of " teaser "-questions included in I.Q. tests for children. It might be useful for competitors to attempt their first approach to the problem as enumerators rather than chess players. After so broad a hint 3 points will be considered more than ample rating. As for **D**—a mate in 13, to be administered by the

C : Leo Löwy

D : Leo Löwy

KR—this may well seem a formidable proposition at first sight. Even so, I trust that many will solve it quite easily, not to say *en passant*. After so subtle a hint, competitors may well consider 4 ladder-points a fair-enough instalment towards the grand total of 40 points to be garnered this Christmas.

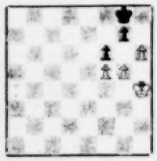
To find our way back from the traditional trifles of a holiday number to the more solid food required by our more seriously minded study-addicts, **E**—White to win—might provide a useful transition. It

E : S. Herland

F : Max Lenge

is an honest-enough study, though certainly one in a lighter vein, and 6 points seems fair-enough rating for it. As for **F**, this is indeed by *the* Max Lange whose famous melodramatisation of the Giuoco Piano most of us either fail to bring off, when White, or to defend, when Black. This 9-mover has often been called " The immortal problem," and like Anderssen's equally hymnified game it is certainly a classical illustration 'for the triumph of spirit over matter. After so generous a hint this should be more than amply rewarded with 7 ladder-points.

G : B. Horwicz, 1883



H : Korolkov, 1930

I do not feel nearly as generous in offering 8 points for **G**. I suppose it doesn't even *look* simple to find a win here for White. So, since the seasonal spirit is moving me to a certain largesse in handing out more or less broad hints I will say that a despairing competitor might find it useful to look up my article published just after election day. As for **H**—White to win—I have no hint to offer, except to say that this is far from easy and probably not at all over-rated with 9 points.

Usual prizes. Entries by 31 December.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set December 1

A : (1) P-R4 ch, KxP (best), (2) BxB, QxR, (3) B-Kt8 !, K-R6. (4) R-B8, K-R7, (5) K-B4, K-Kt8, (6) R-B7, followed by R-QKt7.

B : (1) B-B5 !, QxR (best), (2) Kt-B3 ch, K-R8, (3) B-Q4, Q-KR5 (best), (4) Kt-K2ch, K-R7, (5) Kt-B1 ch, K-R6, (6) B-B5 ch, Q-Kt5, (7) Kt-K3 ! etc.

To take the Q at once would merely draw. So would (1) Kt-B3 ch, KxB, (2) R-R1 ch, followed by RxP ch.

If (1) . . . QxB ch, (2) Kt-B3 ch, followed by R-R1 ch, etc., if (1) . . . P-R6, (2) R-K2 ! wins (Kt-B3 ch would lead to stalemate)

C : (1) B-Kt7 ch, KxB, (2) K-Kt6, Kt-B1 ch, (3) K-B6, P-K7, (4) P-Q7, P-K8 (B!), (5) P-Q8 (Kt!) ch and draws.

Queening the Black P and winning the new White Q by Q-R5 ch would lead to stalemate.

if (3) . . . K-B1, (4) K-K7, etc.

This was an extremely difficult competition, and the prizes are shared most deservedly by C. Allen, D. E. Cohen, M. Kaye, A. J. Roycroft. Competitors who merely dropped a point or two by missing one or the other subtlety are E. W. Beal, Leslie Hale, J. R. Harman, L. G. Kennion, J. M. Reid, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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MISCELLANEOUS

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LEARN Shorthand by January 21 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

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EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1952. A closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1952, may eventually be announced either for the one competition as a whole or for certain subjects. Interviews will be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form and successful candidates may expect early appointments. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects: (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects, and (e) Miscellaneous (including e.g. Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limits: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1952; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1952. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have obtained, or be taking examinations during 1952 with a view to obtaining, the Higher School Certificate with mathematics or a science subject as a principal subject or the General Certificate of Education in appropriate subjects, or the Higher National Certificate or other specified qualifications. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. Candidates over 20 will generally be expected to have higher qualifications. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £575—£725 (men); £485—£600 (women); Assistant Experimental Officers £250—£535 (men); £250—£445 (women). Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars and application forms from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/52. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Programme Assistants in Rumanian Section. There are no vacancies now but selected applicants will be tested and if successful their names will be listed for consideration when vacancies occur. Requirements: thorough knowledge of Rumanian as mother tongue, ability to read it fluently and agreeably and to translate into it English on varied subjects, Rumanian education, intimate knowledge of English, interest in present day economic and political affairs and good microphone voice. Knowledge of journalism an advantage. Salary £655, with prospects of promotion. Engagement will not normally exceed three years. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Rumanian N. Stn." within 7 days. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Secretary of the Research Department to be generally responsible for the work of the Department and to act as Secretary to the Policy Committee. Knowledge of economics and Labour Movement and drafting ability essential. Salary in the range £750 to £900 according to qualifications and experience. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work not later than January 9, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Assistant Secretary of the Research Department. Knowledge of economics and Labour Movement and drafting ability essential. Salary £650 to £700. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work, not later than January 9, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of Local Government Research Assistant. Knowledge of local government and Labour Movement essential. Salary £550 to £650. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work not later than January 9, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, London, S.W.1.

WOLVERHAMPTON and Staffordshire Technical College. Principal: C. L. Old, B.Sc.(Eng.), M.Sc.Tech. Applications are invited for Assistant (Grade A) in English for Senior and Adult Students. The person appointed will be responsible to the Lecturer-in-Charge, Adult and General Studies. Interest in Social Sciences and Cultural Subjects an advantage. Salary Burnham Technical Scale, men £375 × £18 to £630, women £338 × £15 to £504. Further particulars and form of application from F. Lonsdale Mills, Clerk to the Joint Education Committee, Education Offices, North Street, Wolverhampton.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VICTORIA University College, New Zealand. Applications are invited for appointment to a Senior Lectureship in Mathematics. The salary will be £1,000 per annum, rising by annual increments of £50 to £1,200 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and experience of the appointee. The successful applicant would be expected to take up his duties on May 13th, 1952, but the Council may agree to an earlier or a later date. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is February 1, 1952.

THE United Africa Company, Limited, is seeking to recruit men and women for its Merchandise Department in London. The Company are international merchants: the Department is organised into Buying Sections, each concerned with a specialised group of commodities, usually consisting of a Senior Buyer and an Assistant Buyer. Applications are invited from: 1. Candidates between 25 and 32 years of age, with a proved record of suitable experience in Hardware, Drapery, Provisions, Building Materials, etc. Those successful would enter the Department as Assistant Buyers. The standard required is high, and the starting salary will be fixed accordingly. 2. Candidates between the ages of 22 and 25, to enter the Department for training as Assistant Buyers. No previous experience is necessary. The starting salary will be £500. In both cases a tour of approximately eighteen months, seconded to the Company's organisation in West Africa, will be a necessary part of the training. It is from the Assistant Buyers of the Department that the Senior Buyers are appointed; they have arduous responsibilities but appropriate remuneration. Preliminary selections will be made on letters of application, which should be sent to The Merchandise Department (GBG PJF), The United Africa Company, Limited, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

WEST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited by the Children's Committee for the appointment of Matron at their new Reception Home at Rustington, near Littlehampton, where 19 boys and girls between 5 and 15 years of age will be received. Applicants should have good domestic and home nursing qualifications and have particular interest in the purpose of a Reception Home, i.e., the welcome and observation during a limited stay of children for whom a long-term plan of care is necessary. Salary in accordance with approved scales. Letters, with short outline of experience, should be addressed to the Children's Officer, County Hall, Chichester, when requesting application forms and further details. Applications from persons with children unfortunately not acceptable. T. C. Hayward, Clerk of the County Council.

KENT County Council Health Department. Full-time female social worker. Applications are invited for the above appointment which is on the salary scale A.P.T. I, i.e., £440 a year rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £485 a year. The appointment is a full-time one and the duties mainly relate to social work amongst families who, for one reason or another, have been evicted from their homes and who are being provided with temporary accommodation by the County Council. The possession of a Social Science qualification, although desirable, is not essential, although all applicants should have had an extensive experience of work with problem families. The appointment is superannuable and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. Further details can be obtained from the County Medical Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, and he will also supply application forms which, after completion, should be returned to him by not later than January 7, 1952. W. L. Platts, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Assistant Occupation Therapist (female) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council salary scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent.

ST. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex. Assistant Occupation Therapist (Male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification. National Whitley Council salary scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent.

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A NUMBER of temporary Instructors are wanted at once to teach English to Foreign Nationals, who have volunteered for industrial work in Great Britain, at a Residential Centre, near Rotherham, Yorks. Salary according to qualifications and experience, up to £375 per annum, plus free board and lodging. Instructors will be initiated into the teaching method to be used at the Centre before being given charge of a class. Energy, enthusiasm, and adaptability are essential qualifications. Previous teaching experience is desirable. Those whose mother-tongue is English will be preferred. Write, stating full name, age, details of previous experience (with dates), quoting this paper, to Box No. 7720. Original testimonials should not be forwarded. Closing date January 5, 1952.

TUBERCULOSIS. Applications invited from persons possessing certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of sociology and who have practical experience in social work, for appointment in L.C.C. Public Health Department as Local Tuberculosis Care Organiser at Stepney Chest Clinic, Steel's Lane, E.1. Modern building specially designed for the purpose. Person appointed will be required to carry out social and secretarial work arising from activities of Tuberculosis Care Committee. Basic salary £400 × £25—£500, plus 10%. Application form from Divisional Medical Officer, L.C.C. Health Offices, 273 Bancroft Rd., E.1, returnable by January 2, 1952. (1464.)

SOCIAL Worker. Applications invited from trained social workers (women) for appointment as Assistant to a Local Organiser under Mental Deficiency Acts in London County Council Public Health Department. Duties include visiting and reporting upon mental defectives living in their own homes. Social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work and some experience of social work desirable. Basic salary £375 × £25—£500, plus 10%. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D.1), The County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, returnable by January 2, 1952.

CHILDREN'S Home, St. Margaret's, 86 High Road, Loughton. Resident staff required at homes where this year's intake is for 14 children in New Year, viz.: House Mother (to take charge), £315 9s. per annum, 2 Assistant House Mothers, £299 16s. per annum each. The Scheme of the Ancillary Staffs Council applies and provides for a deduction from salaries of £75 12s. a year for full residential emoluments. Three weeks' holiday with pay after six months' service and four weeks' a year ordinarily. Separate bedrooms provided. Married women will be considered for the post of House Mother and husband provided with free board and lodging if willing to undertake certain duties in his spare time. Forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, Essex.

CHILDREN'S Home, "West Lodge," 32 Palmerston Road, Buckhurst Hill. Resident staff required as follows when this new Home opens for 11 children in New Year, viz.: House Mother (to take charge), £315 9s. per annum. Assistant House Mother, £299 16s. per annum. The Scheme of the Ancillary Staffs Council applies and provides for a deduction from salaries of £75 12s. a year for full residential emoluments. Three weeks' holiday with pay after six months' service and four weeks ordinarily. Separate bedrooms provided. Forms obtainable from Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford, Essex.

RESIDENTIAL Settlement in Bermondsey requires Man Leader for boys' work in Junior Club and Mixed Youth Club. Work could be adjusted to appointment of full-time or part-time worker. Residence available for single man. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applics., with two testimonials and refs., to Organiser, Time and Talents Settlement, 187 Bermondsey St., S.E.1.

GOOD General Reporter wanted for London office of "Farmers Weekly." Shorthand and typing essential. Staff Superannuation scheme in force. Apply: Editor, "Farmers Weekly," 43 Shoe Lane, E.C.4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of National Youth Officer, who will be an Administrative Assistant in the National Agent's Department. Salary £475—£500. Application forms, to be returned not later than January 9, 1952, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, London, S.W.1.

GRADUATE master and experienced matron (single, 25-45) reqd. immed. for co-educational school (vegetarian). Box 7750.

SMALL one-man business (Soho) reqs. intell. person assist generally. Box 7699.

WARDEN and Housemother wanted in April for small East End settlement. Residential post suitable for married couple. Apply with full particulars and refs. to Sec., Frances Mary Buss House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Mddx.

STATE Registered Nurse (resident) required for Jewish Blind Home with 60 residents. Excellent pay and conditions. Within easy reach London. Apply, giving particulars, to the Matron, "Rokefield," Westcott, Nr. Dorking, Surrey. Tel.: Westcott 113.

APPLICATIONS are invited for vacancy on the secretarial staff of the Social Science Department. Candidates, aged 25 to 35, interested in the social services and child-care work preferred. Minimum speeds 110 w.p.m. shorthand, 50 w.p.m. typing. Salary £280—£340 a year according to experience and qualifications. Five-day week. Good holidays with pay. Pension scheme. Apply in writing to the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

WEST End Art Gallery requires educated young typist/receptionist. Starting salary £3 10s. p.w. Box 7793.

PINEWOOD, Anmerwilbury, Herts, requires cook, handyman, teacher. Elizabeth Strachan—Ware 52.

TWO ladies for cooking and housework reqd. in Jan. for Girls' Boarding School in the country. Child of school age could be educated by arrangement. Mrs. Johnstone, Brackenburgh Tower, Calthwaite, Cumb.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTERESTING responsible work wanted by Austrian. Engl./German Shorth. Typ., German Corresp., good knowledge French. References. Box 7583.

SEEKING an interesting job in U.K. or abroad: Holder of Geneva University Interpreter-Translator Diploma (Spanish, English, French, German), young woman 23 years, British Subject. Shr.-Typg.-Engl., French, German. Driving licence. Box 7537.

SECRETARY S/Typist. Emergencies. Executive experience. MOU. 1701.

AUSTRAL girl (24), intelligent, good education, capable of responsibility, reqs. position. Exp research, typg. Box 7719.

YOUNG journalist, many interests, especially literature and history, six years experience children's and topographical work for well-known publishers, seeks work with as high literary content as possible. Would assist author/editor in research, etc. Willing to travel. Available immediately. Box 7630.

SECRETARY (27), expert sh. typ'st, knowledge of bookkeeping, seeks interesting position requiring organising ability and initiative. Box 7529.

SCHOOLTEACHER, 28, who wishes to make writing her career, seeks literary work. Degree in Classics, travelled, free-lance work. Interested in education, music, psychology, literature, country. Box 7632.

TWO educated women want work with school holidays. London. Box 7639.

SECRETARY (shorthand, typing, bookkeeping) reqs. part-time post. Box 7528.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

BACHELOR offers share in small furn. flat in Finchley. Own room. Rent 35s. Share chores & exps. From Jan. 1. Box 7638.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakf., dinner optional. Moderate.

LARGE single room, use kit., incl. lighting, heating. 35s. p.w. HAM. 1581.

HAMPSTEAD accomm. offered to arts students with breakfast, dinner & full weekend board. V. mod. charge. Box 7651.

SMALL quiet room in Regent's Park flat, to student/professional lady. PAD. 4187.

YOUNG prof. woman offers another bedsit. in small, pleasant, s.c. flat, W.8; share kit. & bath. 30s. p.w. incl.. Box 7726.

FLATLET, part serviced, not s.-c., spacious dble. divan rm., share large k.-b., tel., fair area nr. Earls Court; fair comfort; freedom; suit 1 or 2 ladies, prof. intelligent interests. Agree p.w. Box 7650.

TO Let: Comf. furn. room, all conveniences; 1st floor, S. Kensington. FRE. 2881.

TO let, furnished house, Cliftonville: 4 bedrooms, 2 reception, kitchen. Mod. conv.; 35s. week. Jan. to March. Richards, 11 Lawn Road, Tonbridge.

UNFURN. flat 2/3 rooms kit. & bath wanted by businessman (Oxford Graduate). No children. London area. Box 7665.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334) 7 (ex. Mon.), St., Sun., 5 & 8. Mat. Dec. 26th & 27th, 2.30. "The Great Adventure." Mems. Sa. yrly.

UNITY. Eus. 5391. Political pantomime "Mother Goose." Weds. to Suns., 7.30. Mems. only.

EVERYMAN. Hamp. 1525. Until Dec. 23: W. C. Fields in "It's a Gift." From Dec. 24: "Plus de Vacances pour le Bon Dieu" (A).

NEW Era Film Club presents the Italian Masterpiece, "The Bicycle Thieves," "Festival Dances," National Dancing at Berlin Festival, 1951, "Peace Will Win" (Ivens-Bonds), Warsaw Peace Congress, 1950. Showing at St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, December 30, at 7 p.m. (Doors open 6.30 p.m.). Members 2s., guests 2s. 6d. Details, tickets, etc.: A. Miller, 166 High Rd., N.15.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. The B.B.C. presents Winter Series, January 7 to 19: Nightly at 7.30 (Sunday excepted). The programmes will feature Brahms and Berlioz. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent (Jan. 7-11, 15-19), Basil Cameron (Jan. 12 & 14). Tickets: Res 7s. 6d., 6s., 3s. 6d.; and Prospectus from Hall (Ken. 8212) and Agents. Seasons (Prom.): 12s. from Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., at doors only.

S.C.R. New Year's Eve Party—famous for 4 years as the best in London. Dancing. Book early to avoid disappointment. Tkts. 5s. from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.L.B. A Grand Christmas Dance, Sat., Dec. 22, 7.30-11, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Adm. 4s. 6d. pre-date, on day 5s.

NIGERIA Union. Grand Dance, Tuesday, Jan. 1, 1952. Seymour Hall, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Ron Somers and Campbell's West African Rhythm Band. Tickets at door: Singles 7s. 6d. each, doubles 12s. 6d. each.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League, 20 Portman Sq., S.W.1. Sat., Dec. 22, Christmas Dance from 7.30 p.m. till midnight. Band. Spot prizes, games, raffles, etc. Licensed Bar for members. Adm., incl. refreshments—members 3s. 6d., friends 4s. 6d.

NEW Year's Eve Dance, December 31, 8 p.m. to 12.15. Band and the usual jollity, plus Cabaret, at 20 Pont Street, S.W.1. Adm. inc. refs.: members 3s. 6d.; friends 4s. 6d. British-Czechoslovak Friendship League hopes to see all members and friends.

INTERNATIONAL Christmas Dance, Sat., Dec. 22, commencing 6.30 p.m., L.S.P., 81 Stamford St., Waterloo (corner of York Rd., Waterloo Rd. Post Office or off Blackfriars Rd., near traffic lights). Somers International Band. Tickets at door 4s. Promoter: African League.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Chanukah Party. Artists include Tova Efron and Doris Lasserson. Wed., Dec. 26, 7.30-11. Visitors 3s. 6d. (incl. refreshments).

EXHIBITIONS

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibition: British Medicine and the Continent, 1600-1850. Open daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Works by Josef Schwarzmann. Until December 30. Mon.-Thur., 10-5. Fri. 10-3. Sundays 2-5.

INDIA Exhibition House, 28 Cockspur Street, S.W.1. Displays of Indian Arts & Crafts, Industrial Products, Natural resources, etc. Mon.-Fri., 9.30 to 5, Sats. 9.30 to 1. Admission free.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Pottery by Lucie Rie & Hans Coper: Glass by F. Lampl. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

NOW obtainable in Britain for the first time, the Wolfsberg range of fine art reproductions, generally acknowledged to achieve an unsurpassed standard of colour fidelity and as selected for inclusion in the UNESCO archives, may be seen at David Jeans, Ltd., 29 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KNI. 2875.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq. Xmas Exhib.: Cards, Lithographs, African textiles, pottery, etc. Daily 11-6 Sats. incl.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. New Paintings by Francis Bacon. Second Exhibn. of Paintings by E. Bou. Aquarelles by Philippe Jullian. Until Jan. 12.

MENINSKY and Adler. Arts Council Memorial Exhibitions. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington Street, W.1. Open till December 22. Mons., Weds., Fridays, Sats. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. 1s.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions VI, including paintings by Corot, Degas, Wilson, Boningtin, Courbet, Morisot, Gauguin, Bonnard, etc. Daily 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1 31 Bruton St., W.1. Closing December 29.

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters (6th series). Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leics. Sq. Select Paintings, Old and Modern, under 25gns. Until December 29.

MARLBOROUGH at R.W.S., 26 Conduit St., W.1. Degas Sculpture—73 Bronzes. Open Dec. 7-22. Daily 10-5, Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED for Christmas: Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints make lovely presents. Illustrated catalogue and post free from 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

FOUR Contemporary Painters. Creffield, Holden, Mead, Richmond. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor St., W.1. Extended Dec. 27-Jan. 4. 10-5. Sat. 10-1.

RUMANIAN Exhibition, presented by the British-Rumanian Friendship Association at R.W.S. Galleries, 26 Conduit St. (off Regent St.), opened on Sat., Dec. 29, at 3 p.m. by H. E. the Rumanian Minister. Open weekdays till Jan. 19, 10-7 p.m. Admission free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Oliver Messel designs for a Cochran Production. French and English Colour Lithographs by Rouault, Picasso, Braque, Sutherland, Moore, etc. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Christmas Exhibition—Illuminations by Dom Robert; Pottery by James Tower; Aeploy Reproductions and Ascher Squares.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

FIRST Indian Socialist Conference from Dec. 21-23. On Dec. 21 at Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m., Inaugural Address by Prof. G. D. H. Cole; Mr. H. N. Brailsford will preside. On Dec. 22, the Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson speaks at 2.30 p.m. at 87, West Cromwell Rd., and at same address on Dec. 23, speeches by Fenner Brockway, M.P., 12-1 p.m., and Miss Dorothy Woodman, 2.30-5 p.m. Social Evg. 7.30-11 p.m. Org. by Indian Socialist Group.

"IMAGINATION in the Curriculum," Speaker: Mr. A. A. Evans, M.A., Deputy Director, University of Leeds Institute of Education, Chairman: Mr. L. C. Schiller, M.C., Staff Inspector, Ministry of Education. Open Meeting arranged by the Society for Education in Art at King's College, Strand, W.C.2, in Large Theatre at 11 a.m. on Tuesday, January 1, 1952.

UNITED Nations Student Association: 2nd Annual General Conference, January 4-6, 1952, Lounge, Imperial College, Kensington. Speakers: Friday, 8 p.m. Donald Maclaughlin. Saturday, 8 p.m. Chief Seretse Khama. Delegates, observers free. Public 1s. Inquiries: Secs., 25 Charles St., W.1.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. December 29 at 6 p.m. Miss Celia Arieli: Pianoforte Recital.

"COUNCIL of the Gods." 1st London showing of new film produced in German Democratic Republic. English sub-titles. Speaker: John Platts Mills, Islington Town Hall, Fri., Dec. 28, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s., 4s. and 6s. from British Peace Committee, 81 City Road, E.C.1. LONdon Wall 0383.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welc. Dec. 23: The Meaning of Christmas.

H. J. Blackham, "The Two Faces of Christianity." At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun. Dec. 23, 11 a.m.

KOREA: Peace & Goodwill Meeting. British, Chinese, American Speakers, Community Singing. Holborn Hall, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1. Sun., Dec. 23, 2.30-5.30 p.m. Adm. 6d. Arr. by British-China Friendship Assn., 17 Bishops Bridge Rd., W.2.

STRASBOURG 1951: Brains Trust, with Patrick Gordon-Walker, Geoffrey de Freitas and other Labour Delegates to Strasbourg Assembly. Jan. 10, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall. Tickets 4s. 6d. (members of I.B. and C.L.F. 1s.) from Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

SPANISH Day Course (optional Portuguese Section). Dec. 31-Jan. 5. Also evening classes, Spanish from Jan. 14, Portuguese from Jan. 9. Details, Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian Councils, 4 Upper Berkeley St., W.1. Quote advertisement.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640, 3805.

A COURSE at the Langham Secretarial College is the key to a successful future. Enrol early for September, 1952. Few vacancies Jan. 2nd. Prospectus from Secretary, 18 Dunraven St., Park Lane, London, W.1. (Tel.: MAYfair 2904/5.)

LECTURE COURSES, Etc.—continued

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Tel. 1894).

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kpr.'s, success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d., Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

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RANK Secretarial Service (London and Cambridge). MSS expertly typed. Careful checking. Novels, Theses 7 days. Translations all langs. Mod. terms. 85 Westbourne Grove, W.2. BAY. 3810 (after 5 p.m.), and 109 Cambridge Rd., Gt. Shelford, Cambridge.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting. Theses, Novels Plays, Film Scripts, Scientific MSS., etc., copied by intelligent typists under personal supervision. Careful checking. German, French, Latin work done. 7 days' service for MSS of any length by arrangement. 24-hr. Duplicating Service. 267 Kenilworth Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAI. 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories, duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translns. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831 (Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

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PERSONAL

RICHARD Winter. Please communicate with the U.S. Consul in Vienna with whom all necessary arrangements have been made for your help. Please also communicate with your mother in New York at once.

YOUNG English lady, well-educated, would like to help with children in cultured French family. Pocket money only. Free immediately. Box 7588.

HUDDERSFIELD rdrs. intstd. in informal discn. group, please write Box 7585.

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FURNITURE made to fit your home: built-in cupboards, bookshelves, occasional furniture, restoration of moderns & antiques, trench polishing. Original Furniture Craft, Ltd., 105 Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 7671/7693.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Cure of Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that the technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Garfield Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily use of Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

"ENGLISH Illustrated" is the best gift for friends knowing little English. Your newsagent will send it for 9s. p.a. "English Illustrated," Godalming, Surrey.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 21d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

PERSONAL—continued

WANTED: artists with a little capital who would like to start greeting card publishing with other artists who have workshops and press. London. Box 7640.

HOUSE Help evngs. & wkends. reqd. by elderly widower in return small salary and 2 furn. rms. converted farm bldgs. Quiet village near Midhurst. Box 7653.

JOHN Morris, late Vice-Principal The James Ching Pianoforte School, London, offers a specialised approach to the details of pianoforte technique & interpretation. 26 Warnborough Rd., Oxford. Tel.: 2151.

CHRISTMAS Greetings to all those who have enjoyed an "Erna Low Holiday" in Britain or abroad.

NEW Year's Party! Start the New Year well and join a gay New Year's Party in country house near Windsor. Back in London January 1st by 9 a.m. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SUMMER Vacation 1952—Conferences at Oxford. Convenient hostel residence for small conferences (up to 30) from end of June to middle of Sept. Lecture and common rooms available. 5gns. a week each person. Apply, Secretary, St. Anne's Society, Oxford.

FRENCH and German taught by qualified teacher. Sara Herling, Ph.D., 7 Brondesbury Villas, London, N.W.6. MAI. 4657.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

OXFORD Centre for Psychotherapy. Enquiries to the Secretary, The Ridings, Shotover, Oxford.

NERVOUS and Muscular relaxation through dynamic breathing. Constance Tracey, WELbeck 5975.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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COMMON Entrance, prepn. in all subjects by expd. schoolmaster. Box 7144.

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SUNSHINE holidays in Winter. Glorious vacations in the warm sunshine of Palma de Mallorca, Ibiza, Malaga, Alicante and Canaries. A 15-day holiday, fully inclusive London back to London from £32. Apply for full details to See Spain Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 8a Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

STAGE for hire Leics. Sq. Plays, Pantos., Puppets. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

P.S. Harold Ingham congratulates the fortunate ones who secured places in his ski parties this month. To any who missed the buses he offers his condolences and hopes that, nevertheless, they enjoy a Happy Christmas and a Continental New Year.

P.P.S.' Still a few vacancies in February and at Easter! New Year Resolution? Write to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"COMMON-Sense & My Brain-Wave." By J. C. S. Worley, Pencot, Letty Green, Hertfordshire. 1s. 1½d. post paid.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3033.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924

PRE-war Novels wanted. No pocket editions. Please quote to J. Clarke Hall, Ltd., Wine Office Court, E.C.4.

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

ENJOY "Rude Health" for 1 year for 8s. ($1.50). Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Glyndebourne Records; Complete set Encyclopædia Britannica, 1949, Blue Levantex, original price £73 10s., offers; Clarinets, A and B flat.

WANTED: "Books for the Burns" (Stead); Pelman Spanish Books; Mee's "I See All." 5 vols. or parts, also "Horizon," sets and odds; German and Portuguese Linguaphones.

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, 10, Great Turnstile, mentioning advt. and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 742 and 743

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